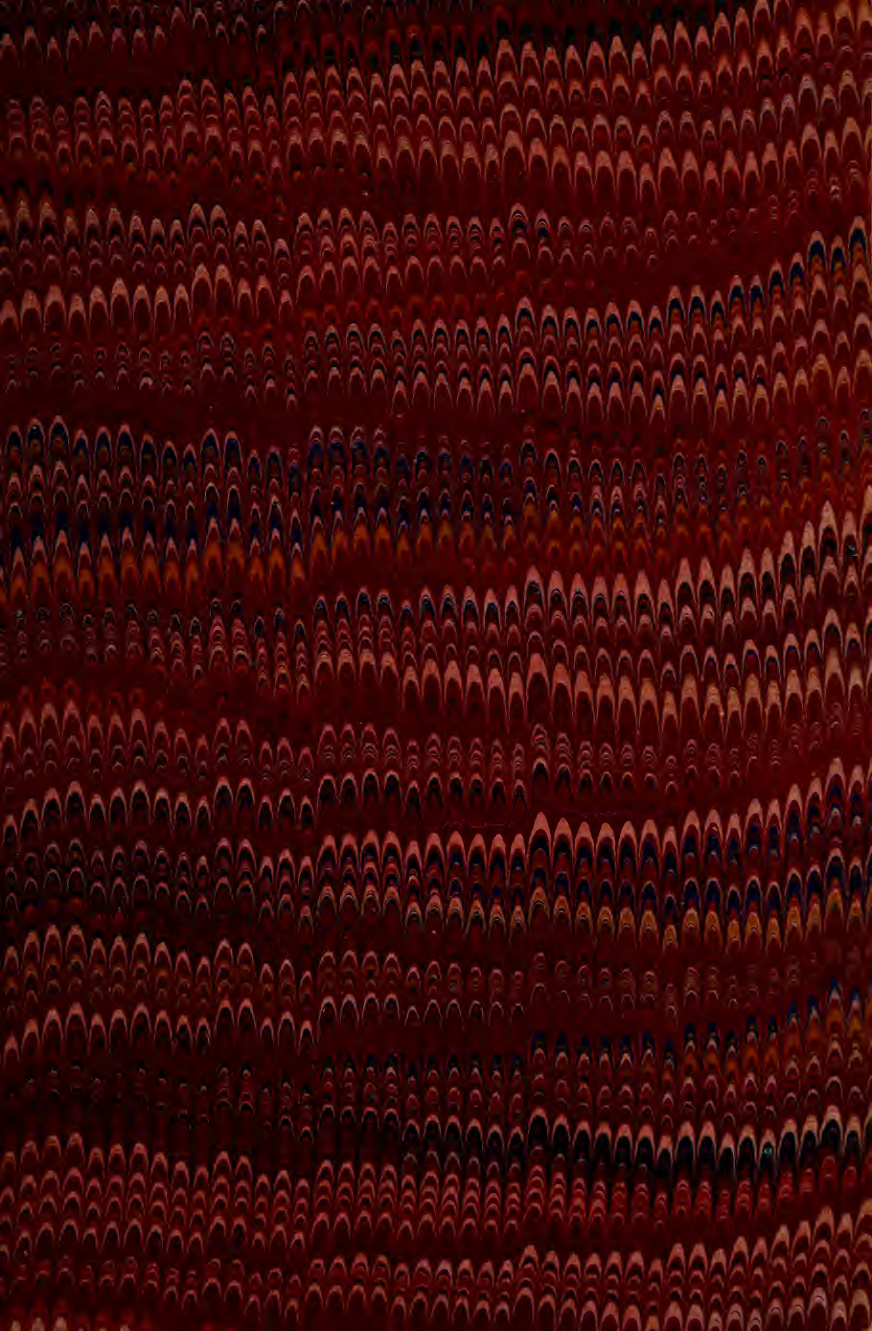
PR 1184
.H 6

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. 68/187 Copyright No.

Shelf .A6.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



How Shall I Woo Thee

NEW YORK:
HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,
No. 1 Chambers Street.

HOW SHALL I WOO THEE?

OR,

THE HEART'S OUTPOURINGS.

A CURIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL COLLECTION OF

TENDERLY DELICATE, SWEETLY PATHETIC, AND AMUSINGLY QUIZZICAL LOVE LETTERS.



NEW YORK:
HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,
No. 1 Chambers Street.

PR1184
.H6

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1875, by
HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

INDEX.

A Beautifully-Sublime, Tenderly-Delicate, and Pleasingly-Pathetic Song. 34
A Castle in the Air. 93
A Day Dream. 56
A Poet's Love. 50
A Supplication. 128
A Valentine. 34
An Apology for having loved before. 114
An Honest Valentine. 53
Anne 2
Apres Le Bal. 65
Ask me no more. 128
Ask not Why I should love her. 97
Christian Names. 118
Composition of a Kiss. 112
Couldst thou look as Dear. 139
Day of Love. 136
Disdain Returned. 22
Domestic Love. 77
Ellen. 43
Fair and False. 30
Fair, Sweet and Young. 102
First Love's Recollections. 97
From a Gentleman to a Lady that squints. 59
From an Insouciant Lover. 12
Give me but thy Love. 106
Happy Love. 44
Hast thou forgot me? 92
He never said he loved me. 74
Her Name. 105
How have I thought of thee? 91
How shall I woo thee? 5
How She was dressed for the Ball. 62
I die, Dear Life. 87
I die for thy Sweet Love. 83
I would only look on thee. 141
In the Breezes. 58
Invocation. 31
Jane. 41
Kate. 43
Leisure and Love. 127
Love. 76, 78, 84
Love Song. 125
Love and Life. 32
Love at First Sight. 135
Love for Love. 109
Love in Absence. 90
Lovely thou art. 89
Love's attraction. 126
Love's Farewell. 144
Love's Guess. 47
Love's Philosophy. 134
Love's Spells. 46
Love's Welcome. 120
Lovers Vows. 34
Loving at First Sight. 88
Lucy. 41
Maid of my heart. 111
Mary Anne. 39
Mary. 42
My Ideal. 35
My King. 68
My Lady. 138
My Love. 18
My Love's Confession. 49
My Queen. 66
O Sacred Blush. 89
Ode to Love. 28
Of Love. 7
Of Loving at First Sight. 110
Oh, my love has an eye of the softest Blue. 83
On my own feelings. 140
Only tell her that I love. 87
Prithee, why so pale and wan, fond lover? 101

Sede D'Amore. 29
Serenade. 96, 131
She walks in Beauty. 73
She was a Phantom of Delight. 80
Silent Love. 77, 121
Song. 131
Sonnets. 8, 10, 16, 38
Tell me you love me. 61
The absent Mistress. 6
The Appeal. 48
The Bedouin. 132
The Charm. 76
The Condition of a Lover. 86
The Farewell. 107, 130
The Forsaken. 74
The Groomsman to his Mistress. 115
The Invitation. 133
The Lady's Triumph. 14
The Lover up a Tree. 122
The one he would Love. 129
The Passionate Shepherd. 15
The Proudest Lady. 113
The Purity of Love. 117
The Question. 60
The Reserve of True Love. 32
The Resolve. 101
The Riddle. 40
The Rights of Man. 82
The Scornful Reply. 31
The Shape alone let others prize. 103
The Soul's search of Love. 85
The True Lover. 87
The Two Pilots. 72
The Unchangeable. 143
The Wishes. 99
There are two Souls. 118
Thou art Lovelier. 121
Thus I love to think of thee. 104
'Tis the Heart that gives Value to Words. 71
To a Coy Lady. 24
To a Flirt. 26
To a Lady, 82
To an Autumn Rose. 137
To an Inconstant one. 27
To Cupid. 24
To F.—. 44
To Helen. 46
To Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. 21
To My Beloved. 9
To My only chosen Wife. 26
To Myra. 33
To the Lady Geraldine. 20
To the Princess Amelia of Prussia. 85
True Love. 143
Unrequited. 69
What will they say of you and me? 108
Who'll buy a heart? 79
Whom I love. 22

HOW SHALL I WOO THEE?

HOW SHALL I WOO THEE?

How shall I woo thee? tell me, how;
With looks and words of gladness?
Then gaze not on my pale, pale brow
Nor note my tones of sadness.

How shall I woo thee? with a smile
That speaks the bosom dear!
Look not upon mine eyes the while,
Nor mark the starting tear.

How shall I woo thee? with the bright
And blessed words of joy?
Drive from my heart its long, long night,
Its early life's alloy?

How shall I woo thee? tell me, how,
Will sorrow make thee mine?
Can the sad heart I bring thee now
Find favor at thy shrine?

How shall I woo thee? with a gleam
That glitters but to die,
Fleet as the summer's moonlight beam
Upon an evening sky?

How shall I woo thee? as the night
Woos with its silver dew
The faithless flowers, that burst to light
Beneath the sun's bright hue?

How shall I woo thee? tell me, how;
If thou hast aught of care
To dim the glory of thy brow,
Let me thy sadness share.

How shall I woo thee? with a strain
Like that of other times,
And seek through memory's cares again
Hope's sweet delusive chimes?

How shall I woo thee? tell me, how;
Can sorrow make thee mine?
For a sad heart hath come to bow
And worship at thy shrine.

Catherine H. Esling

THE ABSENT MISTRESS.

Amy darling! in fancy I see those sweet blushes,
Masking the face in such fairy-like guise,
As the pink cheek so rapidly rosily flushes,
And the light gleams in those radiant eyes.

Far, far away, I can see you so plainly,
Where by the window you musingly stand;
Far, far away, I am longing, how vainly!
Once more to touch that soft tiny white hand.

I am far from you; and yet I am nearer—
May I not say so?—than ever before.
Never yet, O my darling! have I held you dearer
Than now, as I call up the fancies of yore.

I picture you thus—and the idolised vision
Will live in my heart as its worthiest prize:—
For the sun of my life—ah! smile not in derision—
Is the gleam that shines out from those sweet hazel eyes.

I picture you, darling,—the golden brown tresses,
Whose silky broad braids have entangled my heart,
The glorious eyes whose mere looks are caresses,
The red lips whose music can never depart.

Sweetest and tenderest! words may be spoken
Which cast a veil o'er the years yet unseen,—
Hope may be shattered and hearts may be broken,—
But read your own verses in silence, my Queen—.

Away with such prophecies, darling, the river
Of your life flows on over golden-hued sands:
Ah! I pray Fate may ne'er make those sweet lips to quiver,
Nor bid those eyes dim to its gloomy commands.

OF LOVE.

Like as the wind with raging blast
Doth cause each tree to bow and bend
Even so I spend my time in waste,
My life consuming to an end.

For as the flame by force doth quench the fire,
And running streams consume the rain;
Even so do I myself desire
To augment my grief and deadly pain.

Whereas I find that what is what,
And cold is cold by course of kind,
So shall I net an endless knot;
Such fruit in love, alas! I find.

When I foresaw those crystal streams,
Whose beauty deals my mortal wound,
I little thought within those beams
So sweet a venom to have found.

I feel and see my own decay;
As one with flame within his breast,
Forgetful, though, to put away
The thing that breedeth my unrest;

Like as the fly doth seek the flame,
And after playeth in the fire,
Who finds her woe and seeks her game,
Whose grief grows of her own desire;

Like as the spider draws her line:
As labor lost, so is my suit;
The gain is hers, the loss is mine:
Such is of ill-sown seed the fruit.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

SONNETS.

I.

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry
To them that would make speech of speech arise,
They deem, and of their doom the rumor flies,
That poison foul of bubbling Pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
Yet Pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass;
But one worse fault, Ambition, I confess,

That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

II.

With how sad steps, oh Moon, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if thou long with love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace
To me that feel the like thy state descries,
Then, even of fellowship, oh, Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there, ungratefulness?

Sir Philip Sydney

TO MY BELOVED.

(In an old Album, dated 1583.)

When slumber first unclouds my brain,
And thought is free,
And sense refreshed renews her reign—
I think of Thee.

When next in prayer to God above
I bend my knee,
Then when I pray for those I love—
I pray for Thee.

And when the duties of the day
Demand of me

To rise and journey on life's way—
I work for Thee.

Or if perchance I sing some lay,
Whate'er it be;
All that the idle verses say—
They say of Thee.

For if an eye whose liquid light
Gleams like the sea,
They sing, or tresses brown and bright—
They sing of Thee.

And if a weary mood, or sad,
Possesses me,
One thought can all times make me glad—
The thought of Thee.

And when once more upon my bed,
Full wearily,
In sweet repose I lay my head—
I dream of Thee.

In short, one only wish I have—
To live for Thee;
Or gladly, if one pang 'twould save—
I'd die for Thee.

SONNETS.

I.

Happy, ye leaves! when, as those lily hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight;
And happy lines! on which, with starry light,

Those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look,
And read the sorrows of my dying sprite,
Written with tears in heart's close bleeding book;
And happy times! Bathed in the sacred brook,
My soul's long-lacked food—my heaven's bliss;
Leaves, lines, and rhymes, seek her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none!

II.

The sovereign beauty which I do admire,
Witness the world, how worthy to be praised!
The light whereof had kindled heavenly fire
In my frail spirit, by her from baseness raised,
That being now with her huge brightness dazed,
Base thing I can no more endure to view;
But looking still on her, I stand amazed,
At wondrous sight of so celestial hue,—
It stopped is, with thought's astonishment;
And when my pen would write her titles true,
It ravished is with fancy's wonderment:
Yet in my heart I then both speak and write
The wonder that my wit cannot indite.

III.

This holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclined;
Therefore, I likewise, on so holy day,
For my sweet saint some service fit will find.
Her temple fair is built within my mind,
In which her glorious image placed is;
On which my thoughts do day and night attend,
Like sacred priests that never think amiss:

There I to her, as th' author of my bliss,
Will build an altar to appease her ire ;
And on the same my heart will sacrifice,
Burning in flames of pure and chaste desire ;
The which, vouchsafe, O goddess, to accept,
Amongst thy dearest relics to be kept.

IV.

Tell me, when shall these weary woes have end,
Or shall their ruthless torment never cease ;
But all my days in pining languor spend,
Without hope of assuagement or release ?
Is there no means for me to purchase peace,
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes,
But that their cruelty doth still increase,
And daily more augment my miseries ?
But when ye have shown all extremities,
Then think how little glory ye have gained
By slaying him, whose life, though ye despise,
Mote have your life in honor long maintained ;
But by his death, which some perhaps will moan,
Ye shall be condemned of many a one.

Edmund Spenser.

FROM AN INSOUCIANT LOVER.

Shall I like a hermit dwell,
On a rock, or in a cell—
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may

Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel-gold;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And with little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too:
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hair, or precious eyes;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good manners' sake,
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip:
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No? she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show;
Warming, but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too:
But when she, by change, hath got
To her heart a second lot;
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

Sir Walter Raleigh.

THE LADY'S TRIUMPH.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
 Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
 And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
 Unto her beauty,
And, enamored, do wish, so they might
 But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
 All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
 As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead smoother
 Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows, such a grace
 Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
 Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
 Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
 Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt of the bud of the brier?
 Or the nard in the fire?

Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O, so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet is she!

Ben Jonson.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks;
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves and myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe.

HAMLET TO OPHELIA.

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love!

William Shakspeare

SONNETS.

I.

Let those who are in favor with their stars,
Of public honor and proud titles boast;
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlooked for joy in that I honored most.
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The pow'ful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

II

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travail tired,
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:

For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind doth see.
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

III.

Let not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;
And in this change is my intention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords :
Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

IV.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain ;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain :

And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face.
Oh, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty itself is black;
And all they foul, that thy complexion lack.

William Shakspeare.

MY LOVE.

Behold, in happy hour,
 The place wherein she lies
In yonder climbing tower,
 Gilt by the glittering rise.
Oh, Jove! that in a shower,
 As once that thunderer did,
 When he in drops lay hid,
 That I could her surprise.

Her canopy I'll draw
 With spangled plumes bedight;
No mortal ever saw
 So ravishing a sight,
That it the gods might awe,
 And powerfully transpierce
 The globy universe,
 Out-shooting every light.

My lips I'll softly lay
 Upon her heavenly cheek,
Dyed like the dawning day,
 As polished ivory sleek.
And in her ear I'll say:
 "O thou bright morning star,
 'Tis I that come so far,
 My lovely one to seek.

"Each little bird this tide
 Doth chase her loved peer,
Which constantly abide
 In wedlock all the year.
As Nature is their guide,
 So may we two be true
 This year, nor change for new,
 As turtles coupled were.

'One kiss in two let's break.
 Confounded with the touch;
But half-words let us speak,
 Our lips employed so much
Until we both grow weak,
 With sweetness of thy breath,
 Oh, smother me to death;
 Long let our joys be such."

Michael Drayton.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, TO THE LADY GERALDINE.

When Heaven would strive to do the best it can,
And put an angel's spirit into man,
The utmost power it hath, it then doth spend,
When to the world a Poet it doth intend.
That little difference 'twixt the gods and us
(By them confirmed) distinguished only thus:
Whom they in birth ordain to happy days,
The gods commit their glory to our praise;
To eternal life when they dissolve their breath,
We likewise share a second power by death.
When time shall turn those amber locks to gray,
My verse again shall gild and make them gay,
And trick them up in knotted curls anew,
And to thy autumn give a summer's hue;
That sacred power, that in my ink remains,
Shall put fresh blood into thy withered veins;
And on thy red decayed, and whiteness dead,
Shall set a white more white, a red more red,
When thy dim sight thy glass cannot descry,
Nor thy crazed mirror can discern thine eye;
My verse, to tell the one what the other was,
Shall represent them both, both eye and glass;
Where both thy mirror and thy eye shall see,
What once thou saw'st in that, that saw in thee;
And to them both shall tell the simple truth,
What that in pureness was, what thou in youth.

THE LADY GERALDINE TO HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

Such greeting as the noble Surrey sends,
The like to thee thy Geraldine commends ;
A maiden's thoughts do check my trembling hand,
On other terms or compliments to stand,
Which (might my speech be as my heart affords)
Should come attired in far richer words :
But all is one ; my faith as firm shall prove,
As hers that makes the greatest show of love.
In Cupid's school I never read those books,
Whose lectures oft we practice in our looks ;
Nor ever did suspicious rival eye
Yet lie in wait my favors to espy ;
My virgin thoughts are innocent and meek,
As the chaste blushes sitting on my cheek :
As in a fever I do shiver yet,
Since first my pen was to the paper set.
If I do err, you know my heart is weak,
Fear proves a fault where maids are forced to speak.
Do I not ill? Ah, soothe me not herein ;
Or, if I do, reprove me of my sin :
Chide me in faith, or if my fault you hide,
My tongue will teach myself, myself to chide.
Say, noble Surrey, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldness should return my guilt ;
For that should be even from ourselves concealed,
Which is disclosed, if to our thoughts revealed ;
For the least motion, more, the smallest breath,
That may impeach our modesty, is death.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away,

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Cœlia, now shall win
 My resolved heart to return ;
I have searched thy soul within,
 And find naught but pride and scorn ;
I have learned thy arts, and now
 Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away !

Thomas Carew.

WHOM I LOVE.

Shall I tell you whom I love?
 Hearken then awhile to me :
And if such a woman move
 As I now shall versify,

Be assured 'tis she or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scorns the help of art;
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart;
So much good, so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath:
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath;
Full of pity as may be,
Though, perhaps, not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth;
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth can kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know,
Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or so,
That she be but somewhat young,—
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

William Browne.

TO CUPID.

Thou, who didst never see the light,
Now knowst the pleasure of the sight,
But, always blinded, canst not say
Now it is night, or now 'tis day;
So captivate her sense, so blind her eye,
That still she love me, yet she ne'er know why.

Thou who dost wound us with such art,
We see no blood drop from the heart;
And subtly cruel, leav'st no sign
To tell the blow or hand was thine:
Oh, gently, gently wound my fair, that she
May thence believe the wound did come from thee.

William Cartwright.

TO A COY LADY.

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood;
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.

A hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze ;
An age, at least, to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, Lady, you deserve this state ;
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near ;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found ;
Nor in thy marble vault shall sound
The echoes of my loving song.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now, therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may ;
And now, like hungry birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.
Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our weetness, up into one ball ;
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

Andrew Marvell.

TO MY ONLY CHOSEN WIFE.

Think not, fair love, that chance my hand directed,
To make my choice my chance; blind chance and hands
Could never see what most my mind effected;
But Heaven (that ever with chaste, true love stands)
Lent eyes to see what most my eyes respected;
Then do not thou resist what Heaven commands;
But yield thee his, who must be ever thine;
My heart thy altar is, my breast thy shrine.

Phineas Fletcher.

TO A FLIRT.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could move had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favors are but like the wind,
Which kisseth everything it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning rose that untouched stands,
Armed with her briers, how sweetly smells;

But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
 Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
 When thou hast handled been awhile,
With sere flowers to be thrown aside;
 And I will sigh when some will smile
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

Sir Robert Ayton.

TO AN INCONSTANT ONE.

I loved thee once, I'll love no more;
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before;
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love, unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain
God sent me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine:
Yea, if thou hadst remained thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom didst recall,
That it thou might'st elsewhere enthrall
And then how could I but disdain,
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquered thee,
And changed the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
No constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go,
And prortitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to otners pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good future boast:
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost.
The height of my disdain shall be
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A-begging at a beggar's door.

Sir Robert Ayton.

ODE TO LOVE.

Great Love, I thank thee, now thou hast
Paid me for all my sufferings past,
And wounded me with nature's pride,
For whom more glory 'tis to die,
Scorned and neglected, than enjoy
All beauty in the world beside.

A beauty above all pretence,
Whose very scorns are recompense,
The regent of my heart is crowned;
And now the sorrows and the woe

My youth and folly helped me to
Are buried in this friendly wound.

Led by my folly or my fate,
I loved before I knew not what,
And threw my thoughts I knew not where :
With judgment now I love and sue,
And never yet perfection knew
Until I cast mine eyes on her.

My soul, that was so base before,
Each little beauty to adore,
Now, raised to glory, doth despise
Those poor and counterfeited rays
That caught me in my childish days,
And knows no power but her eyes.

Raised to this height, I have no more,
Almighty Love, for to implore
Of my auspicious stars or thee,
Than that thou bow her noble mind
To be as mercifully kind
As I shall ever faithful be.

Charles Cotton.

SEDE D'AMORE.

Madrigal.

Tell me, Cupid, where's thy nest,
In Clara's eyes, or in my breast?
When I do behold her rays,

I conclude it in her face:
But when I consider how
They both wound and burn me too,
I conclude then, by my smart,
Thou inhabitest my heart.
Mighty Love, to show thy power,
Though it be but for an hour,
Let me beg without offence,
Thou wilt shift thy residence,
And erect thyself a nest
In my eyes, and in her breast.

Charles Cotton.

FAIR AND FALSE.

Madrigal.

Fair and false, I burn, 'tis true,
But by love am no ways moved;
Since your falsehood renders you
So unfit to be beloved.
Tigress, then, that you no more
May have triumph in my smart.
It is fit you know before,
That I now have cured my heart.
Henceforth, then, if I do mourn,
And that still I live in pain,
With another flame I burn—
Not with Love; but with Disdain.

Charles Cotton.

THE SCORNFUL REPLY.

Burn or freeze at thine own pleasure,
 Thou art free to love or no ;
'Tis as little loss as treasure,
 Whether thou art friend or foe.
Lover false and unadvised,
 Who to threaten are so vain,
Light thy love I ever prized,
 And less value thy disdain.
If to love 'twas ever bootless,
 And neglected was thy smart ;
The discains will be as fruitless,
 Of thy fickle hollow heart.

Charles Cotton.

INVOCATION.

Love ! inform thy faithful creature
 How to keep his fair one's heart ;
Must it be by truth of nature,
 Or by poor dissembling art?

Tell the secret, show the wonder,
 How we both may gain our ends ;
I am lost if we're asunder,
 Ever tortured if we're friends.

Matthew Prior.

LOVE AND LIFE.

A Song.

All my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone:
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot;
And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heaven allows.

Lord Rochester.

THE RESERVE OF TRUE LOVE.

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his locks, and soft his pace;

Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

Lord Dorset.

TO MYRA.

Why, cruel creature, why so bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,—
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fools in courts be great,
For pay let armies move;
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows, and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art—
Ah, Myra! if true love's your price
Behold it in my heart

George Granville.

LOVERS' VOWS.

'I lately vowed, but 'twas in haste,
That I no more would court
The joys that seem, when they are past,
As dull as they are short.

I oft to hate my mistress swear,
But soon my weakness find;
I make my oaths when she's severe,
But break them when she's kind.

John Oldmixon.

A VALENTINE.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ELIZA D———R, FEB, 14, 1740.

Once more I touch the silver lyre
And wake the sleeping string;
When you, bright maid! the song inspire,
Who can refuse to sing?

Though trembling I attune the lay,
And supplicate thy smile;
From thy fair eyes one gentle ray
Would all my fears beguile.

A BEAUTIFULLY-SUBLIME, TENDERLY-DELICATE, AND PLEASINGLY-PATHETIC SONG.

Oh, dear! I die, indeed I do,
So fervent is my love for you,

I do, indeed, sweet miss ;
Oh ! for some friendly hangman's rope,
Or else some physic from the Pope,
Or else, dear girl ! a kiss.

And as my breast for you doth burn,
Pray can't you give some small return
To raise my grief-struck soul?
Nor *knife*, nor *sword*, nor *razor-blade*,
Should then our mutual love invade,
Till our death-bell did toll.

If you refuse, oh ! cruel fair,
My brains I'll scatter in the air
(If any I have got) ;
Or else, too-charming girl ! you'll see
I'll dangle on some *willow*-tree,
For wind and rain to rot.

And when my ghost's allowed to rise,
Its grizzly form shall meet thine eyes,
If thus you fix my doom ;
And as Alonzo's ghost was seen
To bear away false Imogene,
I'll bear you to the tomb !

MY IDEAL.

Again, thou'rt here ! delightful guest !
Again to while my hours away ;—
The waking dream, how doubly blessed !
Along the coppice let us stray.

Pavillioned there,—reclined at ease,—
Where all, that else would droop, entwine ;
List to my murmurs in the breeze ;
And let my fond complaints be thine,

I see thee in the silent grove—
I see thee when I close my eyes ;
And yield my inmost soul to love,
Till fancy droops, and memory dies.

Again, they wake !—that peerless form,
Idea has painted on my mind,
That swelling lip's resistless charm,
That gaze so eloquently kind—

Have ceased to be :—my weary eyes
Again in search of sleep I close ;
Again, the lovely phantom sighs,
And seems to lure me from repose.

Methinks upon the billowy wave
I rise, as on the couch I roll ;
And could a flood of ether lave
My sense—e'er so—'twould soothe my soul.

Where'er I rove, I see him still ;
I hear him in the whispering gale :
And oft, 'neath yonder dingled hill,
I've told him all my bosom's tale.

Apollo's graceful form he bears ;
But more of manhood decks his brow ;

Ever unchanged, unmarked by years,
In life's gay dawn he looked as *now*.

His eyes are of the darkest gray ;
They beam defiance void of fear ;
But round his mouth young Cupid's play,
While pride contemns their lurking there.

Unpeered in face, of matchless frame—
And art thou really naught but AIR ?
Yet, like a Sibyl breathe thy name !
Sweet Phantom ! still my bosom's care.

Beyond the farthest ocean's wave—
Ah ! let her whisper !—dost thou stray ?
Or, in a grove, beyond the grave,
Where other suns awaken day ?

Or, art thou only in my soul,
That ever for perfection sigh,
With energy, that spurns control,
I woo thus, to partake its joys.

Come ! and inhale the sweets of spring,
Watch when the first-born violets blow ;
Soar on the dawn's new-spangled wing ;
Or bless the bower of peace below.

I own thee for my bosom's lord ;
Come then and share that bosom's joy ;
Its truth shall be thy honor's guard ;
Its sympathy shall soothe thy sigh.

And, through the evening's tranquil hour,
I'll sweep my lyre, and chant my song;
Thy praise shall rouse each latent power,
The echoes still that praise prolong.

SONNET.

Go, God of Love, and tell that lovely maid
Whom fancy still will portray to my sight,
How here I linger in this sullen shade,
This dreary gloom of dull monastic night;
Say, that from every joy of life remote,
At evening's closing hour I quit the throng,
Listening in solitude the ring dove's note,
Who pours like me her solitary song:
Say, that her absence calls the sorrowing sigh;
Say, that of all her charms I love to speak,
In fancy feel the magic of her eye,
In fancy view the smile illume her cheek,
Court the lone hour when silence stills the grove,
And heave the sigh of memory and of love.

SONNET.

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lips apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless eremite,

The moving waters, at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution, round earth's human shores;
Or, gazing on the new, soft-fallen masque
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors!—
No! yet, still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft swell and fall—
Awake forever in a sweet unrest!
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever, or else swoon to death!

John Keats.

MARY ANNE.

My love was born on British ground,
The fairest lass that e'er was found;
Of Beauty's train she leads the van,
The sweet enchantress Mary Anne.
I'll sing my pretty Mary Anne;
I'll love my pretty Mary Anne;
There's not a French or Englishman,
But sighs for my sweet Mary Anne.

With fairy steps and dulcet lay,
She danced and sung my heart away;—
Of Pleasure's train she leads the van,
The laughter-loving Mary Anne.
I'll sing my pretty Mary Anne;
I'll love my pretty Mary Anne;
Take, foolish Fortune, all you can,
But leave me my sweet Mary Anne.

A wreath of fairest flowers I'll twine,
To deck my lovely Mary Anne,
For in my heart she leads the van,
The love-inspiring Mary Anne.
I'll sing my pretty Mary Anne;
I'll love my pretty Mary Anne;
And may I soon her vows trepan,
And wed with my sweet Mary Anne.

THE RIDDLE.

For her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes,
Brightly expressive as the twins of Leda,
Shall find her own sweet name that nestling lies
Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.
Search narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure
Divine—a talisman—an amulet
That must be worn *at heart*. Search well the measure—
The words—the syllables! Do not forget
The trivialest point, or you may lose your labor!
And yet there is in this no Gordian knot
Which one might not undo without a sabre,
If one could merely comprehend the plot.
Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering
Eyes' scintillating soul, there lie *perdus*
Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing
Of poets, by poets—as the name is a poet's, too.
Its letters, although naturally lying—
Like the knight Pinto—Mendez Fernando—

Still form a synonym for Truth.—Cease trying!
You will not read the riddle, though you do the best you *can* do.

Edgar Allan Poe.

[To translate the address, read the first letter of the first line in connection with the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, the fourth of the fourth, and so on to the end. The name will thus appear.]

LUCY.

O Lucy, should wind and rain
Refuse to visit earth again;
Should sunshine, while thou livest, dear,
Deny the foliage of the year;
Should roses cease to bud and blow,
Or wicked rivers fail to flow,—
Why, Lucy, then my heart no more
Might doat upon thee as before.

JANE.

O cruel, but bewitching Jane:
I'll never trust a maid again!
I had a house not long ago,
A house to let—as well you know—
Well-built, well-ordered, furnished fair,
And open to the sunny air.
But you, sweet thief, one summer day,
Went by, marauding on your way,

And found, without a bolt or bar,
The windows up, the door ajar;
And entering, as it were your own,
Kindled a fire, and sat you down,
And there remained, in spite of me,
The lawful owner of the fee,
As if 'twere clear beyond a doubt
That law must fail to turn you out.
Dishonest Jane! to act such part!
But take the house—oh, take my heart!

MARY.

Mary's eyes! they haunt me ever,
In the dark I see them glowing!
Mary's lips! sweet lips that whisper!
Fair are they as cherries growing.
Mary's cheeks: the sweetest peaches,
Ripened in the sunniest autumn,
Could not match the white and crimson
Which her youthful years have brought 'em.
Would those eyes look love on me,
Chief of mortals I should be.
Would those cheeks for me but glow,
I would envy none below!
Would those lips say, "Love, I'm thine,"
I'd kiss them—by Saint Valentine!

ANNE.

Thy simple name, beloved Anne,
Is music to my ear;
Three other little words alone,
Are half so sweet and dear.

My Anne! my life! my love, my wife!
Three out of four are mine,—
Oh, give me right to use the fourth,
And call—oh, call me thine.

ELLEN.

When speaks the Lady of my love,
The very air with music swelling,
Vibrates with pleasure great as mine,
And owns the loveliness of Ellen.

When smiles the Lady of my love,
Her face is like the moon in splendour;
And roses bloom upon her lips,
Drawn by that sunshine to attend her.

When sighs the Lady of my love,
All nature sympathizes duly;—
She shall not sigh, if comfort dwell
In heart of him who loves her truly!

KATE.

O black-eyed, witty, pretty Kate—
The sweet antipodes of Hate—
I've got a mortal wound from thee;
Oh, aid in my calamity!

O Kate, O blushing Kate, be kind!
Thou art exactly to my mind,
Thou colorest all my waking thought,
My nightly dreams with thee are fraught.

O Kate, refuse me not a boon—
A walk at rising of the moon ;
A look, a word, a touch, a tone,
Totell me thou wilt be my own.

TO F. ——.

Beloved ! amid the earnest woes
That crowd around my earthly path—
(Drear path, alas ! where grows
Not even one lonely rose)—
My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of thee, and therein knows
An Eden of bland repose.

And thus thy memory is to me
Like some far-off enchanted isle
In some tumultuous sea—
Some ocean throbbing far and free
With storms—but where meanwhile
Serenest skies continually
Lull o'er that one bright island smile.

Edgar Allan Poe.

HAPPY LOVE.

Since the sweet knowledge I possess
That she I love is mine,
All nature thrills with happiness
And wears a face divine.

The woods seem greneer than they were,
The skies are lighter blue ;
The stars shine clearer, and the air
Lets finer sunlight through.
Until I loved I was a child,
And sported on the sands :
But now the Ocean opens out,
With all its happy lands.

The circles of my sympathy
Extend from earth to heaven :
I strive to pierce a mystery,
And lo ! the clue is given.
The woods with all their boughs and leaves
Are preachers of delight;
And wand'ring clouds in summer eve
Are Edens to my sight.
My confidence and comforters
Are river, hill, and grove,
And sun, and stars, and heaven's blue deeps,
And all that live and move.

O friendly hills ; O garrulous woods ;
O sympathising air ;
O many-voiced solitudes,
I know my love is fair.
I know that she is fair and true,
And that from her you've caught
The changeful glories ever new
That robe you in my thought.
Grief, from the armor of my heart,
Rolls off like rustling rain ;
'Tis life to love, and double life
To be beloved again. *Charles Mackey.*

TO HELEN.

Helen! thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary way-worn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece,
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand,
 Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
 Are holy land!

Edgar Allan Poe.

LOVE'S SPELLS.

The time draws nigh on fragrant wing
 Of summer beams and bells,
But Love comes faster than the spring,
 And works with sweeter spells.
To him upon the unsunned breeze
 Immortal odors float;
And they may sail o'er ice-bound seas,
 Who take his golden boat.

Wherever Love hath touched the ground,
It is the time of roses,
Of fairy wreaths—within whose round
The sighing soul reposes.
Oh! take my spirit home to thine,
Elsewhere 'tis wintry weather;
Hearts only yield their bloom divine
When two have bloomed together.

The breeze hath found the wall-flower out,
And feedeth on his sigh:
The hunter bee now hunts about
The violet's deep blue eye.
Escaping from its icy chain
The river runneth free;
And so my heart flings off its pain,
And cometh straight to thee!

LOVE'S GUESS.

Guess, and guess truly, lady mine,
Where is he who is all thine own?
Whose are the fingers, and whose is the vow,
That press on thy forehead, that blesseth thee now?
Love for such love hath no need of his eyes,—
To the loving, the lover is known by his sighs.
Oh! for a spell on thy lips of love's art!
Say, is my name, dearest! writ on thy heart?

Surely thy soul and thy brow understand
The voice of my spirit, the clasp of my hand.

Oh! if they read not my riddle this morn,
That hand must be widowed, that spirit forlorn.
All the day long, in city and grove,
Love is a wanderer seeking for love.
Who is the fond one now pleading for thine?
Guess, and guess truly, Lady mine!

[The above lines are in allusion to a practice familiar in the north. The lover surprises his mistress, and blindfolds her with his hands.]

THE APPEAL.

Behold me, love, beside thy lattice leaning,
Ere yet the icy stars have ceased to glow,
From thy full sheaves a little gladness gleaning—
A little hope, that melteth like the snow.

I know thou art a wavelet of the sea,
Ever from Love's delicious shore retreating;
Thy young life floats unto a silent lea,
No other heart unto thine own heart beating.

Is there no sadness in thy singing, love?
Seems not thy very freedom desolate?
Buildest thou not within a leafless grove—
O tenderest bird!—O dove without a mate!

Could I but shield thee from the cruel years,
Whose touch shall steal the bloom upon thy cheek,
Drowning thy sorrows in my own heart's tears,
In that dumb worship Love can never speak;

Could I but turn Life's serpent folds aside,
Which coil around thine Eden even here,—
Sweet would that poison be whereof I died—
My love and truth the only tempters near.

Oh, hear me! Turn thy eyes upon my face;
With love—thy love alone—will I depart.
One smile, and Spring will take cold Winter's place;
Oh, hear me! for the ice is on my heart!

MY LOVE'S CONFESSION.

'Tis long ago; the tale of woe
Is old as momory's dreaming;
Soon, on my breast, my love confessed
Her coldness only seeming.

She told me how, with beating brow,
She leant beside the pane,
And caught the prayer I whispered there,
And breathed it back again.

She heard the sigh I poured on high,
The scorn within her sleeping:
While o'er the snows the sun uprose,
And showed her softly weeping!

One sound alone, of touching tone,
Her tenderness awaking,
Stole on her night; it took to flight—
She felt her day-spring breaking!

She turned—she heard the thrilling word,
Her soul made answer sweet;
No more forlorn, she blessed the morn
That found me at her feet!

Mrs. T. K. Hervey.

A POET'S LOVE.

I have not wooed thee as the many woo;
I have not cast my heart beneath thy feet;
I loved thee with a spirit proud and true;
And if my words have seemed nor smooth nor sweet,
It is that these poor pulses stay their beat,
To pause upon the music of thy tongue!
Silence and Truth, dear love! do ofttimes meet:
Even Hope, scarce quickened, falters and dies young,
As chords will snap asunder when a lyre is newly strung.

But hold me in thy patience yet awhile:
The heavens do hear me oft when thou art far—
If far thou canst be where my heavens smile.
I never likened thee unto a star,
Or told thee thou art what the angels are;—
Angels are pitiful, and thou art not:
The whiteness of thy soul thou wouldst not mar,
And on its stainless mirror 'twere a blot
If love's most noble claim to love, in pity, were forgot.

True souls do ask no guerdon save the bliss
Of purely loving that which is most pure:
It is the virgin's robe whose hem we kiss,
Not the stage mantle, worn but to allure:

And thou in thy heart's singleness art sure,
The joy of loving thee may well atone
For all thy coldness calls me to endure.
Right-seated love is likest on its throne
To souls enshrined upon dead lips – that smile but make no moan.

Freed from its once apparel of the clay,
The wakened soul stands beautiful and mute,
Like to a sun new-risen to the day,
Whose glorious orb puts off night's mourning suit ;
The worn husk droppeth from the ripened fruit.
Scant is the earth where mountain pines abound ;
So love is best, though starving at the root,
Whose higher life is by the sunbeams crowned :
So larks sing sweet in upper air, though mute on grassy ground.

When, one by one, the silent moonbeams climb
Those airy heights which only lovers know,
And, fainting on the barren steps of Time,
The beggared heart can see to count its woe,
Comfort falls soft as footsteps on the snow !
Then to my side thy spirit steals unsought,
And, heedless how the night-tides ebb and flow.
We two, love-armed, do set the hours at nought,
Watching the quiet stars die out with a most raptured thought.

Thou canst not see me with thine earthly eyes,
Thou canst not feel my hand upon thy brow ;
Yet nestling on my heart thy beauty lies,
More real far than I behold thee now.

My waking life is one unanswered vow;
But in deep dreams, my sweet! this is not so:
My spirit-kiss thy spirit doth allow.
Thou seest my joy, as those who northward go
See waters rise among the worlds, yet know not whence they flow.

And thou dost marvel at the quiet thought
Which makes a greenness wheresoe'er I tread:
The summer garlands, into beauty wrought,
Do babble not of where their bloom was fed.
Blessed the dews that are in silence shed!
The flower wherein the wild bee dives at noon,
Will drop its petals when its sweets are fled:
My years would drop so withered and so soon;
The life that lacked love's secret sweet were but a thankless boon.

And now when Love stands crowned among the Saints,
For this one day my heart is fain to speak;
Though the pulse trembles and the spirit faints,
To feel how breath is frail and words are weak,
To sum the measure of the wealth I seek!
If I do wrong, O tenderest soul! forbear
To chide me with the glow upon thy cheek.
I would not owe thy love to my despair:
Love's seed doth root and flourish best sown by the random air.

Go! fling thy tresses on the winds of morn,
And let the stars be mirrored in thine eye;
Better I died heart-blinded by thy scorn,
Than thou shouldst live the slave unto a sigh!

Like those untrammelled flowers that round thee lie,
Free in their inmost breath, shouldst thou be free;
So, till thy soul to Love's fair shore draws nigh,
True as a billow of the unlashed sea,
No craven wish of mine shall stand 'twixt thy sweet will and thee.

Mrs. T. K. Hervey.

AN HONEST VALENTINE.

(RETURNED FROM THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.)

Thank you for your kindness,
Lady fair and wise;
Love is famed for blindness,
Lovers—hem! for lies.
Courtship's mighty pretty,
Wedlock a grand sight!—
Should I—from the city,
A plain man, ma'am—write,
Ere we spouse-and-wive it,
Just one honest line,
Would you e'er forgive it,
Pretty valentine?

Honeymoon quite over,
If I less should scan
You with eye of lover
Than of mortal man?
Seeing my fair charmer
Curled up spire on spire
All in paper-armor
By the parlor-fire;

Gown that wants a stitch in
 Hid by apron fine—
Scolding in the kitchen—
 Oh, fie! valentine.

Should I come home surly,
 Vexed with Fortune's frown:
Find a hurly-burly,
 House turned upside down;
Servants all a snarl, or
 Loitering on the stair;
Breakfast still in parlor,
 Dinner—any where,—
Shall I to my bacon
 Meekly fall and dine?
No, or I'm mistaken
 Much—my valentine.

What if we should quarrel?
 Bless you, all folks do!
Will you take the war ill,
 Yet half like it too?
When I storm and wrangle,
 Obstinate, absurd,
Will you sit and jangle
 For the latest word?
Or, while poor love, crying,
 Upon tiptoe stands,
Ready plumed for flying—
 Will you laugh, shake hands,
And, the truth beholding,
 With a kiss divine
Stop my rough mouth's scolding,
 Gentle valentine?

If, as times grow harder,
We find lack of pelf,
Little in the larder,
Less upon the shelf;
Will you, never tearful,
Make your old gowns do,
Mend my stockings, cheerful,
And pay visits few;
Crave nor gift nor donor,
Old times ne'er regret,
Seek no friend save Honor,
Dread no foe save Debt,
Meet ill-fortune steady,
Heart to heart with mine,
Like a gallant lady—
Will you, valentine?

Then, whatever weather
Come—or shine, or shade—
Let's set out together,
Ne'er a whit afraid.
Age is not alarming;
I shall find, I ween,
You at sixty charming
As at sweet sixteen;
Let's pray, nothing loath, dear,
That our funeral may
Make one date serve both, dear,
As our marriage-day.
Clasp hands! joy or sorrow,
Thou art mine—I thine.
And we'll wed to-morrow,
Dearest valentine!

A DAY DREAM.

The beechen woods, the old brick hall,
 The river widening to a lake,
I love them one, I love them all,
 I love them for a maiden's sake.

A maiden with whose gathering blush
 The very roses dare not vie.
The daisies which her footsteps crush,
 The very daisies love and die.

Her lips half-conscious of a smile,
 Her eyes all beaming with delight;
A white rose in her hair the while,
 Like frosted moon against the night.

No lovelier roses bloom than these;
 No woodland song more sweet than here;
Yet song and roses fail to please,
 When love has told me, she is near.

In vain on Alpine snows I stand;
 By Danube's osiered stream recline.
I change the sky; I change the land;
 Change cannot change this love of mine.

Forgetful of the city's mart,
 Of feudal tower, of vine-clad hill,
I only feel an aching heart,
 While love triumphant mocks my will.

I tread in memory by her side
The swelling uplands of the park,
The road, green-swarded, up the ride
To fields, dominion of the lark.

With bated breath, and faltering speech,
I pause enchanted when she speaks.
Gone from my view are hall and beech ;
But laughing eyes and dimpled cheeks.

I well remember how she came
Out from the school beneath the trees,
Fresh as the morn, when all aflame
The rose-tints bathe the sky—the seas.

We pass once more the garden-wall,
Plantations of the larch and fir,
Brneath the arch and by the hall,
By trees with autumn leaves astir.

The bells are ringing in the tower,
We pause a moment at the door ;
Within is many a carved flower,
And colored sunbeams stain the floor.

There is the rectory, there the ground
All hooped for croquet where we played ;
There stand the elms long ages crowned
As guardians of the village glade.

All yellow-red the chestnut stands,
The bridge and willow span the stream ;

I feel once more the clasp of hands—
A parting look—and all a dream.

The beechen woods, the old brick hall,
The river widening to a lake,
I love them one, I love them all,
I love them for a maiden's sake.

IN THE BREEZES.

Softly, swiftly blow, ye breezes, gloriously fresh and free,
Down to where the western beeches meet the kisses of the sea;
Sweep o'er woodland, hill, and meadow, all along the river side,
Where the peaceful rushes quiver to the music of the tide.
Down to where, without the harbor, roar the breakers in their play,
Bursting o'er the wall of granite in a shower of stinging spray.

Tell to one, ye rushing breezes, one as good and true as fair—
Whisper while ye softly lift the braids of darkly golden hair—
That the valentine ye bear her is the offer of a heart
From whose depths the winsome beauty of her face will never part;
From whose inmost life the blessing of her sweetness never flies,
In whose memory there glitters all the glory of her eyes.

More than beauty too. Oh! tell her of the hope whose purple bloom,
Rainbow-like, is brightly arching over every hour of gloom,
Of the gentle winning kindness and the simple spotless truth
That are gems of rarest water in the coronet of youth,
And are *hers*. Oh! tell her, breezes, how their magic falls on me
As the silver moonbeams glimmer soft across a stormy sea!

Softly, swiftly blow, ye breezes, typical—oh! such my prayer—
Of the softness of life's breezes unto one as sweet as fair,
As your music murmurs lowly through the budding violet leaves,
So may life's melodious cadence—free from aught that chafes or grieves—
Mark the epochs of existence in a changeless, chord of joy,
Too well earned to be imperilled, too unworldly for alloy.

Softly, swiftly sweep, ye breezes, gloriously fresh and free,
Down to where the sands are stretching far, beside the sapphire sea!
Tell the story I have whispered, tell it in its earnest power,
Tell it as a truth whose meaning never changes for an hour:
Tell of love unutterable—love unchangeable as mine—
Tell the old, old happy story, told so oft in prose and rhyme.

FROM A GENTLEMAN TO A LADY THAT SQUINTS.

Thy charming peepers must delight;
They yield a most convenient sight;

Convenient!—I do not deride;
For you can see on either side.

Look on me, for my love is great;
Look on me, and relieve me straight;
The last time, when my fair I sought,
You looked the other way, I thought.

I hope to get at the right side,
For fear my suit may be denied;
And when I next my fair one view,
I hope her eyes may meet me too.

THE QUESTION.

I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, it's playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
 Green cow-bind, and the moonlight-colored May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
 Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
 With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
 There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt with white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
 And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
 With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
 Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
 Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it!—oh! to whom? *Shelley.*

TELL ME YOU LOVE ME.

Tell me you love me; I know it full well,
 Though of truths so delightful one can't be too sure,

Doubts will arise that a breath may dispel,
Fears that alone such avowals can cure.
When were those syllables murmured in vain?
Tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me, though often before
You have told me the tale I now bid you repeat;
Outpourings like these from the lips we adore
In their fond iteration grow daily more sweet;
Why from the tender confession refrain?
Tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me, though bent to deceive:
Such delusion were dearer than every-day truth,
We in time learn to look on and cherish as sooth.
Repeat those sweet words though their fondness you feign,
And tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me; no skeptic am I,
Who would question the faith of the heart of his choice;
When did Falsehood look forth from so truthful an eye,
Or Deception assume less untrustful a voice?
'Twere treason to doubt thee, so welcome my chain!
But tell me you love me again and again.

Alaric A. Watts.

HOW SHE WAS DRESSED FOR THE BALL.

She stood in her touching loveliness,
All dressed for the coming ball,
With her pure white dress and pure white face,
Waiting for us in the hall.

A diamond star on her bosom lay,
And starry gems were her eyes ;
Eyes knowing no shade of thought or care,
Winsomely, sweetly unwise.

Roses glowed ardent red on her dress,
Glowed ardent red on her lips ;
Roses fainted and drooped on her hair,
And died on her finger-tips.

Gold clasped the marble curve of her arms,
It wound round her throat so fair ;
It coaxing drooped from her pearly ears,
And rippling gold was her hair.

I spoke to a friend who gazed with me,
I uttered my rising fears ;
"Oh ! woe, that Grief should that *flower-face fade*,
And those star-eyes cloud in tears."

"Your words are *men's* words," the lady said :
"You know not that Pain and Pride
Are stronger than Joy, or Bloom, or Youth,
Or Reason, or aught beside.

"She will look up when her peace is fled,
As peacefully sweet as now ;
Sobs in the heart send smiles to the lips ;
Oh ! women alone know how.

"Pain shines like joy in the weary eyes,
More brilliant than joy perchance ;

And it dyes the cheek, and sharply spurs
The tired feet in the dance."

Then I cried, "My darling, must she bear
The wearisome weight of care?
If my arms are round her heart for aye,
Will sorrow *still* enter there?"

She *must* bear her heartbreak all alone,
But, oh! for thy darling's sake,
Check the harsh thought—the word which, though light,
Yet may a breaking heart break.

"Pity the sorrow that seemeth joy,
And smiles that from pain are wrung;
Pity all maskers, but, above all,
Pity, oh! pity the young!

"They must tread erect a thorny road,
In all the summer-tide heat;
But silken robes will trail to the ground,
And hide the poor bleeding feet.

"God's tired children are everywhere,
We dance with them at the ball:
Be kind to the gay, and perchance thy balm
On some wayworn soul shall fall."

APRES LE BAL.

So, *belle mia*, you've made an impression,
And turned half the heads of the critical town ;
And tell me the truth, now you hear the confession,
If not with a smile, at least not with a frown.
No wonder your triumph—if radiant beauty,
Enhanced by a toilette the *creme de la creme*,
Could fail to achieve a girl's paramount duty,
To use your own phrase, dear, it *would* be a shame !

You fancied me miles away peacefully readiug,
But I saw you, *signora*, and only last night ;
In the *deux-temps* with Vivian de Vere you were speeding,
And your gauzy clouds brushed against me in your flight.
The part of a wall-flower I humbly was filling,
And I did not announce myself, for, who could tell,
Perhaps my reception by you had been chilling,
And I wished not to break the old magical spell.

For although I speak in this volatile fashion,
I'm vulgar enough to possess, dear, a heart ;
And the sweet dream of deepest, unchangeable passion
From that heart's inward feeling will never depart.
Since the time when your childhood gave tenderest token
Of the virtues and graces that make up your dower,
The chain was linked round me no more to be broken,
My allegiance has never once swerved for an hour !

I saw you whirl by, never thinking or dreaming
I saw you the loveliest *demoiselle* there ;
I watched the rich diamond-spray brilliantly gleaming
And sparkling amid the dark bands of your hair.

In a ball-room, romance, as one justly supposes,
Is quite of place, still I was so bold
As to wish those dark tresses enwreathed with white roses,
The simple white blossoms you loved well of old,

I suppose your lace drapery is of the rarest,
And the broiders that deck it of fabulous worth,
Yet, *ma mignonne*, I think that I held you the fairest
In your plain country dress with its lovable dearth
Of costly emblazons and ornament golden,
And I worshiped you more in that sweet, simple guise,
When from under the round hat in days dear and olden,
Flashed forth the soft light of those exquisite eyes!

For you have unchangingly been my one vision
Of happiness seen through the vista of time;
Belgravian *flaneurs* may smile in derision,
I care not as long as *you* see this poor rhyme.
May I say with what hope and what joy I shall cherish
The dream of a future shared, darling, with you?
That dream—that reality—never need perish,
If but to yourself, love, you only be true.

MY QUEEN.

When and how shall I earliest meet her?
What are the words she first will say?
By what name shall I learn to greet her?
I know not now; it will come some day!
With the self-same sunlight shining upon her,
Shining down on her ringlets sheen,

She is standing somewhere, she I shall honor,
She that I wait for, my queen, my queen!

Whether her hair be golden or raven,
Whether her eyes be hazel or blue,
I know not now, but 'twill be engraven
Some day hence as my loveliest hue.
Many a girl I have loved for a minute,
Worshiped many a face I have seen,—
Ever and aye there was something in it,
Something that could not be hers, my queen!

I will not dream of her tall and stately,
She that I love may be fairy light;
I will not say she must move sedately,
Whatever she does it will then be right.
She may be humble or proud, my lady,
Or that sweet calm which is just between;
And whenever she comes she will find me ready
To do her homage, my queen, my queen!

But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit, this maiden I love;
Whether her birth be noble or lowly
I care no more than the spirits above.
But I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean;
And the stars may fall, and the saints be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, my queen, my queen!

MY KING.

When and how shall I meet him? if ever:
What are the words he first will say?
How will the barriers now that sever
Our kindred spirits be broken away?
This self-same daylight on him is shining,
Shining somewhere the while I sing,
The only one who, my heart resigning,
Could I acknowledge my king, my king.

Whether his hair be golden or raven,
Whether his eyes be dark or blue,
I know not now; but 'twould be engraven
On that white day as my perfect hue.
Many a face I have liked for a minute—
Been chained by a voice with a pleasant ring—
But ever and aye there was something in it,
Something that could not be his, my king.

I will not dream of him handsome and strong,
My ideal love may be weak and slight;
It matters not to what class he belong,
He would be noble enough in my sight;
He may not be brillliantly gifted, my lord!
And he may be learned in everything;
But if ever he comes, he will strike the chord
Whose melody waits for the hand of its king.

But he must be courteous towards the lowly;
To the weak and sorrowful, loving too;
He must be courageous, refined, and holy,
By nature exalted, and firm, and true:

To such I might fearlessly give the keeping
Of love that would never outgrow its spring,
There would be few tears of a woman's weeping,
If they loved such men as my king, my king.

UNREQUITED.

Few and low were the words I spoke,
Doubly brief was the cold reply;
Yet in that one moment a man's heart broke,
And the light went out from his eye!

In a little moment of time,
The bright hopes of a life all paled;
A proud man knew he had dared the leap,
And a proud man knew he had—*failed!*

Failed! 'tis often a fatal word,
Fraught with the spirit's pain;
For to fail in *some* of the ventures of life
Is never to try them again.

If the fowler hang o'er the cliff,
Upheld by a treacherous rope,
Should the frail thing break, or the strong man blanch,
He is lost—and beyond all hope.

So I set *my* hopes on a word,
Launched a shell on a boisterous sea;

And the waves up-rose, and my shell down-sank—
It can never come back to me.

UNREQUITED.

A Reply.

He passes by with cold and heartless gaze;
And I must brave it—ay, and smile beneath
The casual look or word on me that fall,
As snow-flakes from a May-day wreath.

And yet no word of mine shall ever break
The silence that between our hearts must lie.
I love him—yet he knows not—never shall;
No look shall tell him, till I die!

I see him yonder, basking in the smiles
Of one whose radiant brow and artful ways
Have all enthralled him. Doth she love as I?—
No! with his heart she merely plays.

Oh! I could bear it all, did I but know
That love, true, faithful, lay within *her* heart;
So he might never feel as I have felt,
Hope slowly, hour by hour, depart.

* * * * *

O masters of our hearts, ye little know
What faith and love ye pass unheeded by;
Or leave for lighter words, or brighter smiles,
Without a thought—without a sigh!

'TIS THE HEART THAT GIVES VALUE TO WORDS

Somebody wrote me a sweet little note,
The paper was Moinier's, the writing was fair ;
Shall I hear tell you what somebody wrote ?
No ! let the muse keep the secret from air :
But this was the motto the seal had to show,
This—*C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.*

Somebody walked with me, light was her tread,
Over the beautiful sunshiny wold :
Shall I here tell you what somebody said ?
The sunlight has faded the words have grown cold.
Do you believe in the motto, or no ?
C'est, c'est le cœur qui fait valoir le mots.

Somebody sang me a dear little song,
Full of all tender, unspeakable things—
Shall I repeat them ? No, ever so long
They have flown off on the swiftest of wings ;
And the nest they deserted is white with the snow—
Ah ! c'est le cœur qui fait valoir le mots.

Shall I with censure link somebody's name
For the note and the walk and the fly-away birds ?
No—the dear creature was never to blame,
She had no heart to give value to words.
Sweetly as Hybla her accents may flow—
Mais, c'est le cœur qui fait valoir le mots

THE TWO PILOTS.

Love launched a gallant little craft,
Complete with every rope;
In golden words was painted aft,
"The Cupid, Captain Hope!"

Pleasure was rated second mate,
And Passion made to steer,
The guns were handed o'er to Fate,
To Impulse sailing gear.

Merrily rowed the thoughtless crew,
Amid the billows' strife;
But soon a sail bore down—all knew
'Twas Captain Reason's "Life."

And Pleasure left, though Passion said
He'd guard her safe through harms;
'Twas vain—for Fate ramm'd home the lead,
While Love prepared small arms.

A storm arose; the canvas now
Escaped from Impulse's hand,
When headstrong Passion dash'd the prow
Right on a rocky strand.

"All's lost!" each trembling sailor cried,
"Bid Captain Hope adieu:"
But in her life-boat Reason hied,
To save the silly crew.

Impulse the torrents overwhelm,
But Pleasure 'scaped from wreck;
Love, bidding Reason take the helm,
Chained Passion to the deck.

"I thought you were my foe; but now,"
Said Love, "we'll sail together;
Reason, henceforth, through life shalt thou
My pilot be forever!"

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er the face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent. *Byron.*

THE FORSAKEN.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades,
 New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, midst fairer maids,
 To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
 Must never be my happy lot;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer:
 Forget me not! forget me not!

Yet should the thought of my distress
 Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
 Nor ever deign to think on me.
But ah! if grief thy steps attend,
 If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
 Forget me not! forget me not!

Mrs. Opie.

HE NEVER SAID HE LOVED ME.

He never said he loved me,
 Nor hymned my beauty's praise;
Yet there was something more than words
 In his full ardent gaze:
He never gave his passion voice;
 Yet on his flushing cheek
I read a tale more tender far
 Than softest tones could speak!

He never said he loved me ;
Yet when none else were nigh,
How could I hear, and doubt the truth
His low unbidden sigh,
The throbs of his tumultuous heart,
That faint sweet breath above ;
What for me could syllable so well
The tale of hope and love?

He never said he loved me ;
He silent worship vowed :
The deep devotion of his soul
He never breathed aloud ;
Though if he raised his voice in song,
As swelled each tenderer tone,
It seemed as if designed to reach
My ear and heart alone!

He never said he loved me ;
Yet the conviction came,
Like some great truth that stirs the soul
Ere yet it knows its name :
Some angel-whisper of a faith
That long defied our ken,
And made us almost feel that life
Had scarce begun till then!

And have I said *I* love him?
Alas for maiden pride,
That feeling he hath ne'er revealed,
I have not learned to hide!
And yet clairvoyant Love informs
His votaries' hearts so well,

That long before 'tis time to speak,
There's nothing left to tell.

Alaric A. Watts.

LOVE.

True love, the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die.
It is the secret sympathy,
The silken link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

Scott.

THE CHARM.

From the Spanish.

Wind the spell, bind the spell,
What is in it? Fond farewell!
Wreathed with drops from azure eyes,
Twilight vows, and midnight sighs.

Bind it in the maiden's soul!
Suns may set and years may roll;
Yet beneath the tender twine
All the spirit shall be thine.

Oceans may between you sweep,
But the spell's as strong as deep!
Anguish, distance, time are vain,—
Death alone can loose the chain.

SILENT LOVE.

Oh! I could whisper thee a tale
That surely would thy pity move;
But what would idle words avail
Unless the heart might speak its love?

To tell that tale my pen were weak;
My tongue its office too denies:
Then mark it on my varying cheek,
And read it in my languid eyes.

DOMESTIC LOVE.

Domestic love! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
Thy dwelling is in lonely cottage walls
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide,
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed,
And many a bird to warble on the wing,
When moon her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling.

O love of loves! to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key!
These are the joyous hours of winter even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;
And thine the soul, that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine, and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed, forever closed, thy plume.

Dr. Croly.

LOVE.

Awake, my harp, some joyful measure!
No longer breathe a pensive strain;
Be, like my soul, attuned to pleasure,
And never mourn again.

Awake, my harp, some joyful measure!
'Twas love that taught thy strings to move;
And love now fills my soul with pleasure;
Then hymn the charms of love!

O Love! some call thy musings folly,
Some call thee cruel, base, and blind;
But thou, methinks, art pure and holy,
Exalted, raised, refined.

And some there are who can dissemble
The raptures of thy ardent flame;
And some poor maidens start and tremble,
If they but hear thy name.

But though thy charms were all illusion,
Such dear deceits I still would seek ;
Thy mantling blush, thy soft confusion,
Thy looks that more than speak.

Thou knowst, O Love ! how I have blest thee,
How oft for thee my heart hath beat ;
How oft in sorrow I've caress'd thee,
And thought my sorrow sweet.

O Love ! some call thy musings folly,
Some call thee cruel, base, and blind ;
But thou, methinks, art pure and holy,
Exalted, raised, refined.

WHO'LL BUY A HEART?

From the Spanish.

Poor heart of mine, tormenting heart !
Long hast thou teazed me—thou and I
May just as well agree to part :
Who'll buy a heart ? who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

They offer'd three testoons—but no !
A faithful heart is cheap at more :
'Tis not as those who wandering go
Like mendicants from door to door.

Here's prompt possession—I might tell
A thousand merits ; come and try ;—

I have a heart—a heart to sell:
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

How oft beneath its folds lay hid
The gnawing viper's tooth of woe—
Will no one buy? will no one bid?
It's going now. Yes! it must go!

So little offer'd!—it were well
To keep it yet; but no, not I
I have a heart—a heart to sell:
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

I would 'twere gone! for I confess
I'm tired, and longing to be freed;
Come bid, fair maiden, more or less:
So good—and very cheap indeed.

Once more—but once—I cannot dwell
So long; 'tis going, going,—fie!
No offer! I've a heart to sell:
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

John Bowring.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn—
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did mee.
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food—
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

Wordsworth.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

While others, Delia, use their pen
To vindicate the righte of men,
Let us, more wise, to bliss attend:
Be ours the rights which they defend.
Those eyes that glow with love's own fire,
And what they speak so well inspire;
That melting hand, that heaving breast,
That rises only to be prest,
That ivory neck, those lips of bliss,
Which half invite the offer'd kiss;
These, these—and Love approves the plan-
I deem the dearest Rights of Man.

TO A LADY,

With a Pair of Gloves.

Brimful of anger, not of love,
The champion sends his foe one glove;
But I, who have a double share
Of softer passion, send a pair.
Nor think it, dearest Celia, cruel
That I invite you to a duel;
Ready to meet you, face to face,
At any time, in any place:
Nor will I leave you in the lurch,
Tho' you should dare to name the church.
There come equipp'd with all your charms,
The ring and license are my arms;

With these I mean your power to try,
And meet my charmer tho' I die.

Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

I DIE FOR THY SWEET LOVE.

I die for thy sweet love! The ground
Not panteth so for summer rain,
As I for one soft look of thine;
And yet—I sigh in vain!

A hundred men are near thee now—
Each one, perhaps, surpassing me;
But who doth feel a thousandth part
Of what I feel for thee?

They look on thee, as men will look
Who round the wild world laugh and rove;
I only think—how sweet 'twould be
To *die* for thy sweet love!

Barry Cornwall.

OH, MY LOVE HAS AN EYE OF THE SOFTEST BLUE.

Oh, my love has an eye of the softest blue,
Yet it was not that that won me;
But a little white drop from her soul was there,
'Tis that that has undone me.

I might have passed that lovely cheek,
Nor perchance my heart have left me;
But the sensitive blush that came trembling there,
Of my heart it forever bereft me.

I might have forgotten that red, red lip,
Yet how from that thought to sever?
But there was a smile from the sunshine within,
And that smile I'll remember for ever.

Think not 'tis nothing but lifeless clay,
The elegant form that haunts me;
'Tis the gracefully elegant mind that moves
In every step that enchants me.

Let me not hear the nightingale sing,
Though I once in its notes delighted;
The feeling and mind that comes whispering forth
Has left me no music beside it.

Who could blame had I loved that face,
Ere my eye could twice explore her?
Yet it is for the fairy intelligence there,
And her warm, warm heart, I adore her.

Charles Wolfe.

LOVE.

Love, dearest lady, such as I would speak,
Lives not within the humor of the eye;
Not being but an outward fantasy,
That skims the surface of the tinted cheek,

Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,
As if the rose made summer—and so be
Amongst the perishable things that die.
Unlike the love that I would give and seek:
Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay,
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time,
Its boughs own no December and no May,
But bears its blossom into winter's clime.

Thomas Hood.

VOLTAIRE TO THE PRINCESS AMELIA OF PRUSSIA.

Some truth we may descry
Even in the greatest lie.
To-night I dreamt I sat
Enthron'd in regal state;
To love you then I dar'd,
Nay more, that love declar'd;
And when I woke, one half I still retain'd,—
My kingdom vanished, but my love remain'd.

THE SOUL'S SEARCH FOR LOVE.

The bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wondering half, when ripe to crown the whole.
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness ; these hurt, impede,
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance, and hate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant, and bleed.

And as the dove, to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream :—

So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

Mrs. Brooks.

THE CONDITION OF A LOVER.

From place to place forlorn I go,
With downcast eyes, in silent shade ;
Forbidden to declare my woe ;
To speak, till spoken to, afraid.

My inward pangs, my secret grief,
My soft consenting looks betray,
He loves, but gives me no relief ;
Why speaks he not who may?

Sir Richard Steele.

THE TRUE LOVER.

I loved thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow ;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

Nugent.

ONLY TELL HER THAT I LOVE.

Only tell her that I love,
Leave the rest to her and fate ;
Some kind planet from above
May, perhaps, her pity move.
Lovers on their stars must wait.
Only tell her that I love.

Why, oh, why should I despair?
Mercy's pictured in her eye :
If she once vouchsafed to hear,
Welcome hope, and welcome fear ;
She's too good to let me die ;
Why, oh, why should I despair?

Cutts.

I DIE, DEAR LIFE.

I die, dear life ! unless to me be given
As many kisses as the spring hath flowers,
Or there be silver-drops in Iris' showers,

Or stars there be in all-embracing heaven ;
And if displeas'd ye of the match remain,
Ye shall have leave to take them back again.

Drummond of Hawthornden.

LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

No warning of the approaching flame,—
Swiftly, like sudden death, it came ;
Like travellers by lightning kill'd,
I burnt the moment I beheld.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd ;
The case, so shining to behold,
Is filled with richest gems and gold.

To what my eyes admired before
I add a thousand graces more,
And fancy blows into a flame
The spark that from the beauty came.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught :
Pygmalion so with fatal art
Polish'd the form that stung his heart.

Granville.

O SACRED BLUSH.

O sacred blush, empurpling cheeks, pure skies
With crimson wings, which spread there like the morn ;
O bashful look, sent from those shining eyes ;
O tongue in which most luscious nectar lies,
That can at once both bless and make forlorn ;
Dear coral lip, which beauty beautifies,
That trembling stood before her words were born ;

And you, her words—words ! no, but golden strains,
Which did enslave my ears, ensnare my soul—
Were image of her mind,—mind that contains
A power, all power of senses to control,
So sweetly you from love dissuade do me,
That I love more, if more my love can be.

Drummond of Hawthornden.

LOVELY THOU ART.

Lovely thou art ! ay, lovely
In spirit and in form,
A sunbeam gleaming o'er life's tears,
A rainbow through the storm ;
A snowdrop mid earth's darker hues
Unwarmed by flattery's breath ;
A harp-tone flung from cherub hands,
Wringing out joy from death.

Lovely thou art ! ay, lovely ;
And sorrow, chang'd with thee,

As if magician-changed, becomes
A pleasure unto me.
Life's sky, though clothed with tempest clouds,
Grows bright when thou art nigh ;
And tears e'er turn to smiles beneath
Thine angel-gifted eye.

Julia H. Scott.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

I miss thee each lone hour,
Star of my heart !
No other voice hath power
Joy to impart.

I listen for thy hasty step,
Thy kind sweet tone,
But silence whispers me,
Thou art alone !

Darkness is on the hearth—
Naught do I say :
Books are but little worth—
Thou art away !

Voices, the true and kind,
Strange are to me ;
I have lost heart and mind
Thinking of thee.

Julia H. Scott.

HOW HAVE I THOUGHT OF THEE?

How have I thought of thee? as flies
 The dove to seek her mate,
Trembling lest some rude hand has made
 Her sweet home desolate;
Thus timidly I seek in thine
 The only heart that throbs with mine.

How have I thought of thee? as turns
 The flower to meet the sun,
E'en though, when clouds and storms arise,
 It be not shone upon:
Thus, dear one, in thine eye I see
The only light that beams for me.

How have I thought of thee? as dreams
 The mariner of home,
When doomed o'er many a weary waste
 Of waters yet to roam:
Thus doth my spirit turn to thee:
My guiding star o'er life's wild sea.

How have I thought of thee? as kneels
 The persian at the shrine
Of his resplendent god, to watch
 His earliest glories shine:
Thus doth my spirit bow to thee,
My soul's own radiant deity.

Emma C. Embury.

HAST THOU FORGOT ME?

Thou and I
Have mingled the fresh thoughts that early die,
Once flowering—never more!

Hast thou forgotten me? Thou who hast departed
Like a glad sunbeam from my yearning sight,
Leaving the spirit worn and broken-hearted,
Where once hope built a temple of delight.
Hast thou forgot me? Thou, unto whose keeping
I gave my every thought of perfect love,
Till, on my idol's shrine all treasure heaping,
I scarcely dared to look to heaven above.

Hast thou forgot me? Unto outward seeming
My quivering lip with ready smile is mask'd,
And the warm crimson through my cheek is streaming:
Alas! 'tis from the fever'd heart o'ertask'd.
But could they read, as in a faultless mirror,
The truth my woman's pride would still repress,
Soon would they own themselves to be in error,
And mourn my lot of utter wretchedness.

Hast thou forgot me? Even in youth's glad hours
I trembled 'neath the least glance of thine eye,
And life's gay pathway was bedecked with flowers
And light and fragrance if thou wast but nigh;
Each music-note of bliss to thee was given,
Each joy and grief were told thee e'en in birth;
Thy presence made my home another heaven—
When thou wast absent 'twas but common earth.

Hast thou forgot me? With what fond endeavor
I hurried on in learning's endless chase;
While wasted health and strength seem'd naught, if ever
I won the dear approval from thy face;
The midnight toil, the strife, the weary vision,
The pining after knowledge,—vain and free,
I struggled against all, one hope elysian
Sustained me—'twas that I might grow worthy thee.

Hast thou forgot me? Like yon flow'ret bending
On fragile stem, beneath the north wind's wrath,
So to the darksome tomb I am descending,
No more to cast a shadow o'er thy path:
A few more months, and then this careworn spirit
Shall gently hush its never-ceasing moan,
And find what long it yearneth to inherit,
The narrow churchyard plot, with weeds o'ergrown.

Hast thou forgot me? Ah! I would not waken
One goading thought, beloved friend! in thee;
Nor brook to have thy slightest feeling shaken
With knowledge of the harm thou brought'st to me.
But, oh! forgive, if now, when I am dying,
I breathe this wish, and let it grieve thee not:
That thou wilt seek my grave, and murmur, sighing,
"Though wrong'd, neglected, she was not forgot!"

Mary F. Lee.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I'll tell you, friend, what sort of wife,
Whene'er I scan this scene of life,
Inspires my waking schemes;

And when I sleep, with form so light,
Dances before my ravish'd sight
In sweet aerial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend,
Nor yet the lily with them blend,
To captivate my eyes.
Give me a cheek the heart obeys,
And, sweetly mutable, displays
Its feelings as they rise ;

Features where, pensive more than gay,
Save when a rosy smile doth play,
The sober thought you see ;
Eyes that all soft and tender seem,
And kind affections round them beam,
But most of all on me ;

A form, though not of finest mould,
Where yet a something you behold
Unconsciously doth please ;
Manners all graceful without art,
That to each look and word impart
A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm
Must speak a heart with feeling warm,
And mind inform the whole ;
With mind her mantling cheek must glow,
Her soul her beaming eye must show,
An all-inspiring soul.

Ah! could I such a being find,
And were her fate to mine but join'd
By Hymen's silken tie,
To her myself, my all, I'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious care oppress'd,
On the soft pillow of her breast
My aching head I'd lay;
At her sweet smile, each care should cease,
Her kiss infuse a balmy peace,
And drive my griefs away.

In turn, I'd soften all her care,
Each thought, each wish, each feeling share;
Should sickness e'er invade,
My voice should soothe each rising sigh,
My hand the cordial should supply;
I'd watch beside her bed.

Should gathering clouds our sky deform,
My arms should shield her from the storm
And, were its fury hurl'd,
My bosom to its bolts I'd bare;
In her defence undaunted dare
Defy the opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend;
Together would we humbly bend
To praise the Almighty's name;
And when I saw her kindling eye

Beam upwards in her native sky,
My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide,
But on our years serenely glide;
And all to love be given;
And when life's little scene was o'er,
We'd part to meet and part no more,
But live and love in heaven.

Professor L. Frisbie.

SERENADE.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up,—look out, and be
A sister to the night!

Sleep not! thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast;
Sleep not! from her soft sleep should fly
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

Edward C. Pinckney.

ASK NOT WHY I SHOULD LOVE HER.

Ask me not why I soould love her ;
 Look upon those soul-full eyes !
Look while mirth or feeling move her,
 And see there how sweetly rise
Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast
Which is of innocence the nest ;
Which, though each joy were from it shed,
By truth would still be tenanted !

See, from these sweet windows peeping
 Emotions tender, bright, and pure,
And wonder not the faith I'm keeping
 Every trial can endure !
Wonder not that looks so winning
Still for me new ties are spinning ;
Wonder not that heart so true
Keeps mine from ever changing too.

Charles F. Hofmann.

FIRST LOVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

First love will with the heart remain
 When its hopes are all gone by ;
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
 Their fragrance when they die ;
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind,
 With the shades mid which they sprung,
As summer leaves the stems behind
 On which spring's blossoms hung.

Mary, I dare not call thee dear,
I've lost that right so long;
Yet once again I seek thine ear
With memory's idle song.
I felt a pride to name thy name,
But now that pride hath flown,
And burning blushes speak my shame
That thus I love thee on.

How loath to part, how fond to meet,
Had we two used to be;
At sunset with what eager feet
I hastened unto thee!
Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
In spring, nay, wintry weather;
Now nine years' suns have risen and set,
Nor found us once together.

Thy face was so familiar grown,
Thyself so often nigh,
A moment's memory when alone
Would bring thee in mine eye.
But now my very dreams forget
That witching look to trace;
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
It wears a stranger's face.

When last that gentle cheek I prest,
And heard thee feign adieu,
I little thought that seeming jest
Would prove a word so true!
A fate like this hath oft befell
Even loftier hopes than ours:

Spring bids full many buds to swell
That ne'er can grow to flowers.

John Clare.

THE WISHES.

It was of old in the elfin day,
When charm and spell had power,
Four sisters stood at the noon of May,
In a haunted woodland bower.

"Now drink and wish," said the fairy queen,
With a wine-cup in her hand,
"For the wish that is o'er our goblet breathed
Will the years and fates command."

The first she drank a swift, deep draught,
And she spake forth loud and free,
"A broad domain, and a vassal train,
And a store of gold for me."

"Thou art keen to reckon," the elf queen said,
"And wise in thine early day;
For gold, and lands, and the vassal bands,
They have long on earth held sway."

Slowly the second drank, and spake,
With a proud but earnest gaze:
"My heritage be the pen and page,
And my dower their fame and prais

"Bethink thee, maiden," the fairy said,
"That the path is steep and bare;
Yet go if thou must, in strength and trust,—
There are heights of promise there."

The third: oh! hers wae a silvery tone,
As she sipped the elfin wine:
"No cumbrous store of gold or lore,
But the fairest face be mine."

"Well hast thou wished," said the fairy queen,
"And ne'er to thy wish befall,
For gold hath power and praise hath lore,
But the fair face winneth all."

The last drank deep, but with many a pause,
And the words came faint between:
"Oh! still to me that one heart might be
As mine own hath wished and been."

"Not for the gold that is bought and sold,
Nor for glance that will grow dim,
But for all he knew of the good and true,
And the dear love borne to him."

"And comest thou in thy youth to work
The strong ones of the wild,
With that gentle mien," said the fairy queen,
"And thou but a mortal's child?"

"In vain for thee was our goblet filled,
For to us are only given

The power and promise of this earth,
But thou askest those of heaven!"

Frances Brown.

PRITHEE WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?—
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?—
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her—
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

Sir John Suckling.

THE RESOLVE.

I pray thee let my heart alone,
Since now 'tis raised above thee;
Not all the beauty thou didst own
Again can make me love thee.

He that was shipwrecked once before
By such a siren's call,
And yet neglects to shun that shore,
Deserves his second fall.

Each flutt'ring kiss, each tempting smile,
Which thou in vain bestows,
Some other lover might beguile,
Who not thy falsehood knows.

But I am proof against all art;
No vows shall e'er persuade me
Twice to present a wounded heart
To her that hath betrayed me.

Could I again be brought to love
Thy form, though more divine,
I might thy scorn as justly move
As now thou sufferest mine.

Thomas Stanley.

SONG: FAIR, SWEET, AND YOUNG.

Fair, sweet, and young, receive a praise
Reserved for your virtuous eyes;
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
Oh, pity and distinguish me!
As I, from thousand beauties more,
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was design'd,
Your every motion charms my mind;

Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you speak ;
But when, at once, they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost unless you love ;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain :
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

John Dryden.

THE SHAPE ALONE LET OTHERS PRIZE.

The shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair ;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win ;
Give me an animated form
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honor shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid,

Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But ah! where both these charms unite,
How perfect is the view;
With every image of delight,
With graces ever new.

Of power to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage control.
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
All language must despair,
But to behold Aspasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

Mark Akenside.

THUS I LOVE TO THINK OF THEE.

Perhaps I love
To visit my heart's treasure by that light
When misers seek their buried hoards; to steal
Upon the loved one like a mermaid's song,
Unseen and floating between sea and sky:
To creep upon her in love's loneliest hour,
Not in her daylight beauty with the glare
Of the bright sun aronnd her; but thus pure
And white and delicate, under the cool moon,
Or lamp of alabaster. Thus I love
To think of thee, thou dear one! thus with flowers

About thee, and fresh air, and such a light,
And such a stillness ; thus I dream of thee.

Miss Mitford.

HER NAME.

With more than Jewish reverence as yet
 Do I the sacred name conceal.
When, ye kind stars, ah ! when will it be fit
 This gentle mystery to reveal?
When will our love be named, and we possess
That christening as a badge of happiness?

So bold as yet no verse of mine hath been,
 To wear that gem in any line ;
Nor till the happy nuptial muse be seen,
 Shall any stanza with it shine.
Rest, mighty name ! till then ; for thou must be
Laid down by her ere taken up by me.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring ;
 Then echo's burden it shall be ;
Then all the birds in several notes shall sing,
 And all the rivers murmur—*thee ;*
Then every wind the sound shall upward bear,
And softly whisper it to some angel's ear.

Cowley.

GIVE ME BUT THY LOVE

Give me but thy love, and I
Envy none beneath the sky!
Pains and perils I defy,
 If thy presence cheer me.

Give me but thy love, my sweet!
Joy shall bless us when we meet;
Pleasures come, and cares retreat,
 When thou smilest near me.

Happy 'twere, beloved one,
When the toils of day are done,
Ever with the set of sun
 To thy fond arms retiring;—
There to feel and there to know
A balm that baffles every wo,
While hearts that beat and eyes that glow
 Are sweetest thoughts inspiring.

What are all the joys of earth?
What are revelry and mirth?
Vacant blessings—nothing worth
 To hearts that ever knew love.

What is all the pomp of state,
What the grandeur of the great,
To the raptures that await
 On the path of true love?

Should joy our days and years illume,
How sweet with thee to share such doom !
Nor, oh ! less sweet should sorrows come,
To cherish and caress thee.
Then while I live, then till I die,
Oh ! be thou only smiling by ;
And while I breathe, I'll fondly try
With all my heart to bless thee.

Delta (D. M. Moir).

THE FAREWELL.

Lady ! whose soft and dove-like eye,
Beaming with love's own witchery,
Hath from our album's pages caught
Feelings responsive to thy thought ;
Sweet lady ! twine no sacred ties
With pleasure's heartless votaries !
Hide thy soul's richness ! like that flower
Whose sweet aroma to no power
But the pure sunshine is revealed,—
Long, long, midst leaves and moss concealed ;
But when secure of well-tried worth,
Then pour its hidden treasures forth,
And blend thy trusting tenderness
With man's strong, deep devotedness ;
Nor turn thee with "a scornful eye"
From faith a kingdom could not buy !
And thou, fond lover ! to whose truth
Woman entrusts her hopes, her youth,
Her very life—oh ! guard and cherish ;
Feelings which once neglected, perish ;

Keep her fair form and spotless mind
Within thy heart of hearts enshrined;
And ask to bless thee from above,
The precious boon of woman's love!
"Now, farewell, lords and ladies bright!
To each and all the we wish good night!
And rosy dreams and slumbers light.
"Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That we shall say good night till it be to-morrow."

WHAT WILL THEY SAY OF YOU AND ME?

(From the Spanish.)

What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,
Your heart is love and kindness' throne,
And it becomes you to confer it
On him who gave you all his own;
And that as now, both firm and faithful,
So will you ever, ever be,—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,
That I for you all else forgot:
And Heaven's dark vengeance would have scathed me—
Its darkest vengeance—had I not.

My love, what envy will pursue us,
 Thus linked in softest sympathy!—
What of you and me, my lady,
 What will they say of you and me?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,
 A thousand things in praises sweet—
That other maidens may be lovely,
 But none so lovely and discreet.
They will wreathe for you the crown of beauty,
 And you the queen of love shall be,—
What of you and me, my lady,
 What will they say of you and me?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,
 That I have found a prize divine—
A prize too bright for toils so trifling,
 So trifling as these toils of mine;
And that from heights so proud and lofty
 Deeper the fall is wont to be—
What of you and me, my lady,
 What will they say of you and me?

John Bowring.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me:
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose untouched by art?

I will own the color true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it, grateful, press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me?

Richard B. Sheridan.

OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

Not caring to observe the wind,
Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from myself how far behind,
Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of this deep!
No; 'tis so rockless and so clear,
That the rich bottom doth appear
Paved with all precious stones; not torn
From shipwreck'd vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace,
Which time and use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs, with colors faint
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy ;
She has a stanch, and prints the boy ;
Can with a single look inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

Edmund Waller.

MAID OF MY HEART.

Maid of my heart, a long farewell ;
The bark is launch'd, the billows swell,
And the vernal gales are blowing free,
To bear me far from love and thee !

I hate Ambition's haughty name,
And the heartless pride of Wealth and Fame ;
Yet now I haste through Ocean's roar
To woo them on a distant shore.

Can pain or peril bring relief
To him who bears a darker grief ?
Can absence calm this feverish thrill ?
Ah, no ;—for thou wilt haunt me still !

Thy artless grace, thy open truth,
Thy form that breath'd of love and youth,
The voice by Nature fram'd to suit
The tone of Love's enchanting lute !

Thy dimpling cheek and deep-blue eye,
Where tender thought and feeling lie !

Thine eyelid like the evening cloud,
That comes the star of love to shroud!

Each witchery of soul and sense,
Enshrined in angel innocence,
Combined to frame the fatal spell—
That blest—and broke my heart—Farewell!

Pringle.

THE COMPOSITION OF A KISS.

Cupid, if storying legends tell aright,
Once fram'd a rich elixir of delight—
A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fixed,
And in it nectar and ambrosia mix'd:
With these, the magic dues which evening brings,
Brushed from the Idalian star by fairy wings,
Each tender pledge of sacred faith he join'd,
Each gentler pleasure of the unspotted mind—
Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow,
And Hope, the blameless parasite of Woe.
The eyeless chemist heard the process rise,
The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs,
Sweet sounds transpir'd, as when the enamor'd dove
Pours the soft murmuring of responsive love.
The finished work might envy vainly blame,
And "Kisses" was the precious compound's name.
With half the god his Cyprian mother blest,
And breathed on Sara's lovelier lips the rest.

S. T. Coleridge.

THE PROUDEST LADY.

The queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her maids so fine;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is a little lady of mine.
And oh! she flouts me, she flouts me,
And spurns and scorns and scouts me;
Though I drop on my knee and sue for grace,
And beg and beseech, with the saddest face,
Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is seven by the kalendar—
A lily's almost as tall,
But oh! this little lady's by far
The proudest lady of all.
It's her sport and pleasure to flout me,
To spurn and scorn and scout me;
But ah; I've a notion its nought but play,—
And that, say what she will and feign what she may,
She can't do well without me!

When she rides on her nag away,
By park, and road, and river,
In a little hat, so jaunty and gay,
Oh! then she's prouder than ever!
And oh! what faces, what faces!
What petulant, pert grimaces!
Why, the very pony prances and winks,
And tosses his head, and plainly thinks
He may ape her airs and graces.

But at times, like a pleasant tune,
A sweeter mood o'ertakes her ;
Oh ! then she's sunny as skies of June,
And all her pride forsakes her.
Oh ! she dances round me so fairly !
Oh ! her laugh rings out so rarely !
Oh ! she coaxes and nestles, and purrs and pries
In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,
And says, "I love you dearly !"

Oh ! the queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her maids so fine ;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is this little lady of mine.
Good lack ! she flouts me, she flouts me,
And spurns and scorns and scouts me ;
But ah ! I've a notion it's nought but play,—
And that, say what she will and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me !

T. Westwood.

AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

They that never had the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up ;
Neither do nor care to know
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclined,
Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art,

To the first that's fair and kind
Make a present of their heart:
It is not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that as in th' evening made,
Stars gave the first delight,
Admiring in the gloomy shade
Those little drops of light;
Then at Aurora, whose fair hand
Removed them from the skies,
He gazing toward the east did stand,
She entertained his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise;
His wonder was determined there,
And could no higher rise.
He neither might nor wished to know
A more refulgent light:
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employed his utmost sight.

Valler.

THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Every wedding, says the proverb,
Makes another, soon or late;
Never yet was any marriage
Entered in the book of Fate,
But the names were also written
Of the patient pair that wait.

Blessings then upon the morning
When my friend, with fondest look,
By the solemn rites' permission,
To himself his mistress took,
And the Destinies recorded
Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,
Still the ground the lovers eyed,
And the parents and the kinsmen
Aimed their glances at the bride ;
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside her ;
One was dark, and one was fair ;
But nor fair nor dark the other,
Save her Arab eyes and hair ;
Neither dark nor fair I call her,
Yet she was the fairest there.

While her groomsman—shall I own it?
Yes, to thee, and only thee—
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden
Who was fairest of the three,
Thus he thought : "How blest the bridal
Where the bride were such as she !"

Then I mused upon the adage,
Till my wisdom was perplexed,
And I wondered, as the churchman
Dwelt upon his holy text,

Which of all who heard his lesson
Should require the service next.

Whose will be the next occasion
For the flowers, the feast, the wine?
Thine, perchance, my dearest lady;
Or—who knows?—it may be mine:
What if 'twere—forgive the fancy—
What if 'twere—both mine and thine?

Thomas William Parsons.

THE PURITY OF LOVE.

There is a bud in life's dark wilderness,
Whose beauties charm, whose fragrance soothes distress;
There is a beam in life's o'erclouded sky,
That gilds the starting tear it cannot dry;
That flower, that lonely beam, on Eden's grove
Shed the full sweets and heavenly light of love.
Alas! that aught so fair could lead astray
Man's wavering foot from duty's thornless way.
Yet, lovely woman! yet thy winning smile,
That caused our cares, can every care beguile;
And thy soft hand amid the maze of ill
Can rear one blissful bower of Eden still;
To his low mind thy worth is all unknown,
Who deems thee pleasure's transient toy alone;
But oh! how most deceived, whose creed hath given
Thine earthly charms a rival band in heaven!
Yet thou hast charms that time may not dispel,
Whose deathless bloom shall glow where angels dwell;
Thy pitying tear in joy shall melt away,

Like morn's bright dew beneath the solar ray :
Thy warm and generous faith, thy patience meek,
That plants a smile where pain despoils the cheek ;
The balm that virtue mingles here below
To mitigate thy cup of earthly woe—
These shall remain, when sorrow's self is dead,
When sex decays, and passion's stain is fled.

Beresford

CHRISTIAN NAMES.

In Christian world Mary the garland wears ;
Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew ear ;
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear ;
And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears.
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines !
What air of fragrance Rosamond throws round !
How like a hymn doth sweet Cieclia sound !
Of Martha's and of Abigails few lines
Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely Joan be fashion'd. But can
You Barbara resist, or Marian ?
And is not Clare for love excuse enough ?
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess
These all than Saxon Edith please me less.

Charles Lamb.

THERE ARE TWO SOULS.

There is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreathed with mine alone

That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight;
By day that form their joys supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast;
I would not hear a seraph choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek;
But, pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip which mine hath prest,
And none had ever prest before;
And vow'd to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only—prest it more.

There is a bosom—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head;
A mouth which smiles on me alone,
An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet,
That, pulse to pulse, responsive still,
They both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two souls whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—they part!—ah, no!
They cannot part—those souls are one.

Byron.

LOVE'S WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning—
Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers to wear, if you choose them!
Or, after you've kiss'd them, they'll lie on my bosom;
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me;
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning—
Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here, the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;

The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

Thomas Davis.

SILENT LOVE.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your ringlets, and kiss time away;
By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love when I the least express it!
Small gifts find tongues; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound:
Deep waters noiseless are; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below;
So when love speechless is, it doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such
Who speaks but little, 'cause I love so much.

Herrick.

SONG: THOU ART LOVELIER.

Thou art lovelier than the coming
 Of fairest flowers of spring,
When the wild bee wanders humming
 Like a bless'd fairy thing:
Thou art lovelier than the breaking
 Of orient crimson'd morn,
When the gentlest winds are shaking
 The dew-drops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing
In wood and field and glen,
Where a thousand birds were singing
And my thoughts were of thee then;
For there's nothing gladsome round me,
Or beautiful to see,
Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,
But is eloquent of thee.

Richard Howitt.

THE LOVER UP A TREE.

Well! here's a situation,
For a young man up a tree:
With a bull-dog standing under,
Looking lovingly at me!

Treed! by all the darts of Cupid!
Like a 'possum or a 'coon!
What an aspect for a lover.
By the dim light of the moon!

Came to serenade my Julia:
Lightly climb'd the garden wall:
Tuned my guitar 'neath her window,
Yonder where the shadows fall:

Got as far as 'Sleep, my darling,'
When a deep bass 'bow! wow! wow!"
Out of tune and time, saluted me—
I hear its echo now.

And a snapping, close behind me,
Warn'd me a foe was near ;
So I beat a quick retreat from there
And found a lodgment here !

As I climb'd this smooth alanthus
I felt a something tear :
Let's see ; yes, here's a rent behind
I know how it came there ! .

Plague take the canine creature !
Wagging his stiff bob-tail,
As though he thought his narrative
Would finally prevail !

But such dogmatic arguments
Have no effect on me,
And such waggish illustrations
With my temper don't agree.

Yonder where the snowy curtain
In the mellow moonlight shines,
Unconscious of my sad mishap,
My Julia dear reclines.

I would not now, for all the world,
That she should see me here,
Dangling in this old alanthus,
With a white flag in my rear !

Oh ! for a bit of strychnine,
Or some poison of some sort !

I'd stop the wagging of that tail,
And all this canine sport!

'Tis midnight, and I hope if now
A ghost is on the jog,
He'll come this way, and frighten off
This most pugnacious dog;

If fairies in the moonlight dance,
I trust some light carouser
Will come and "play dog" for a while
With this infernal Bowser!

The merry stars seem laughing
In their places up afar,
But I am looking downward
On a dangerous dog-star.

When Acteon look'd on Dian,
With her naked nymphs around,
The angry huntress changed the bold
Intruder to a hound.

Oh! for the power to change this dog
Into a strapping fellow!
I'd mount him in a minute,
And turn his bark to bellow.

Hark! what is that?—an old tom cat
Around the porch is crawling:
Poor Tom! I've a fellow feline
For your sad caterwauling!

Now Bowser hears him !—see, he turns :
Seek ! catch him ! bite him, Bowser !
Confound the twig ! it's fasten'd in
The rent within my trowser !

He's gone ! and dog and cat are seen
In mad and desperate chase !
'Tis a very proper time, I think,
For me to leave this place.

O Julia ! sleep !—sleep sound, my love !
Oh ! do not wake just yet,
To view the rent in my trouserloons,
Made by your canine pet ;

And if you never wake until
My soft guitar you hear,
You'll slumber till old Gabriel's horn
Shall break your sleep, my dear !

LOVE SONG.

Sit near, sit near ! I kiss thy lips,
Ripe, richer than the crimson cherry.
Girl, canst thou love me in eclipse ?
Tell me, and bid my soul be merry.

My light is dim, my fortune fled :
I've nothing,—save my love for thee.
Give back *thy* love, or I am dead—
A word,—while I can hear,—and see !

Sit nearer,—near! I kiss thine eyes;
There,—where the white lids part asunder.
I love thee,—dost thou hear my sighs?
Love thee beyond the world, thou Wonder!

My life is spent: I've nothing left
To tender now, save Love's dear duty:
Ah, let me—of all else bereft—
Feed, until death, upon thy beauty!

Barry Cornwall.

LOVE'S ATTRACTION.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh;
But roses and lilies and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar—
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor played on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command:
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,—
For hearts, like young birds, may be tamed to your will.

Be gay and good humor'd, complying and kind.
Turr the chief of your care from your face to your mind;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

Garrick.

LEISURE AND LOVE.

Sooth, 'twere a pleasant life to lead,
With nothing in the world to do
But just to blow a shepherd's reed
The silent seasons through;
And just to drive a flock to feed,
Sheep, quiet, fond, and few!

Pleasant to breathe beside a brook,
And count the bubbles—love worlds—there,
To muse within some minstrel's book,
Or watch the haunted air:
To slumber in some leafy nook.
Or—idle any where.

And then, a draught of Nature's wine,
A meal of summer's daintiest fruit;
To take the air with forms divine:
Clouds, silvery, cool, and mute;
Descending, if the night be fine,
In a star parachute.

Give me to live with love alone,
And let the world go dine and dress;

For love hath lowly haunts—a stone
Holds something meant to bless.
If life's a flower, I choose my own—
'Tis "Love in Idleness."

Laman Blanchard.

ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea,
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But, O too fond! when I have answered thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;
Yet O my friend, I would not have thee die!
Ask me no more lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed;
I strove against the stream and all in vain,
Let the great river take me to the main,
No more, dear love—for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

Alfred Tennyson.

A SUPPLICATION.

Forget not yet the tried intent,
Of such a truth as I have meant,

My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget me not!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since when
The suit, the service none can tell,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great essays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not! O forget not this,
How long ago hath been and is
The mind that never meant amiss—
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved—
Forget not this!

Sir Thomas Wyat.

THE ONE HE WOULD LOVE.

A face that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fat, but lovely to behold;
Of lively look, all grief for to repel
With right good grace; so would I that it should,
Speak without words such words as none can tell.
Her tress should be of crisped gold;

With wit and these, perchance I might be tried,
And knit again with knot that should not slide.

Sir Thomas Wyat.

THE FAREWELL.

The conflict is over, the struggle is past,
I have looked—I have loved—I have worshipped my last,
And now back to the world and let Fate do her worst
On the heart that for thee such devotion hath nursed.
To thee its best feelings were trusted away,
And life hath hereafter not one to betray.

Yet not in resentment thy love I resign;
I blame not—upbraid not—one motive of thine;
I ask not what change has come over thy heart,
I reck not what chances have doomed us to part;
I but know thou hast told me to love thee no more,
And I still must obey where I once did adore.

Farewell, then, thou loved one—O! loved but too well,
Too deeply, too blindly, for language to tell—
Farewell! thou hast trampled love's faith in the dust,
Thou hast torn from my bosom its faith and its trust!
Yet, if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,
I would pour out my own in this last fond farewell!

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

SERENADE.

I hear the dry-voiced insects call,
And "Come!" they say, "the night grows brief!"
I hear the dew-drops pattering fall
From leaf to leaf—from leaf to leaf.

Your night-lamp glimmers faithfully;
I watch below; you sleep above;
Yet on your blind I seem to see
Your shadow, Love—your shadow, Love!

The roses in the night-wind sway,
Their petals glistening with the dew;
As they are longing for the day,
I long for you—I long for you!

But you are in the land of dreams;
Your eyes are closed; your gentle breath,
So faintly comes, your slumber seems
Almost like Death—almost like Death!

Sleep on; but may my music twine
Your sleep with strands of melody,
And lead you, gentle Love of mine,
To dream of me—to dream of me!

Geo. Arnold.

SONG.

The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea;

The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love—thee!

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea;
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,
But I kiss—thee!

The oriole weds his mottled mate:
The lily's bride o' the bee:
Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth—
Shall I wed—thee?

Bayard Taylor.

THE BEDOUIN.

From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry;
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie in the sands below,

And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And meet thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold !

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
Open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold !

Bayard Taylor.

THE INVITATION.

Lift up the curtains of thine eyes
And let their light outshine !
Let me adore the mysteries
Of those mild orbs of thine ;
Which ever queenly calm do roll
Attuned to an ordered soul !

Open thy lips yet once again,
And, while my soul doth hush
With awe, pour forth that holy strain
Which seemeth me to gush,
A fount of music running o'er
From thy deep spirits inmost cove!

The melody that dwells in thee
Begets in me as well
A spiritual harmony,
A mild and blessed spell;
Far, far above earth's atmosphere
I rise, whene'er thy voice I hear.

Jas. Russell Lowell.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moon beams kiss the sea-

What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Into my heart a silent look
Flashed from thy careless eyes,
And what before was shadow, took
The light of summer skies
The first-born love was in that look:
The Venus rose from out the deep
Of those inspiring eyes.

My life like some lone solemn spot
A spirit passes o'er,
Grew instinct with a glory not
In earth or heaven before.
Sweet trouble stirred the haunted spot,
And shook the leaves of every thought
Thy presence wandered o'er!

My being yearned and crept to thine,
As if in times of yore
Thy soul had been a part of mine,
Which claimed it back once more.
Thy very self no longer thine,
But merged in that delicious life,
Which made us ONE of yore.

There bloomed beside thee forms as fair,
There murmured tones as sweet,

But round thee breathed the enchanted air
'Twas life and death to meet.
And henceforth thou alone wert fair,
And though the stars had sung for joy,
Thy whisper only sweet!

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

THE DAY OF LOVE.

Dawn talks to day
Over dew-gleaming flowers
Night flies away
Till the resting of hours;
Fresh are thy feet
And with dreams thine eyes glistening,
Thy still lips are sweet
Though the world is a-listening.
O Love set a word in my mouth for our meeting,
Cast thine arms round about me to stay my heart's beating!
O fresh day! O fair day! O long day made ours.

Morn shall meet noon
While the flower stems yet move,
Though the wind dieth soon
And the clouds fade above.
Loved lips are thine
As I tremble and hearken;
Bright thine eyes shine
Though the leaves thy brow darken.
O love, kiss me into silence, lest no word avail me,
Stay my head with thy bosom lest breath and life fail me!
O, sweet day, O rich day, made long for our love.

Late day shall greet eve,
And the full blossoms shake,
For the wind will not leave
The tall trees while they wake.
Eyes soft with bliss
Come nigher and nigher!
Sweet mouth I kiss
Tell me all thy desire!
Let us speak, love, together, some words of our story,
That our lips as they part may remember the glory!
O soft day—O calm day—made dear for our sake.

Wm. Morris.

TO AN AUTUMN ROSE.

Tell her I love her—love her for those eyes
Now soft with feeling, radiant now with mirth,
Which, like a lake reflecting autumn skies,
Reveal two heavens here to us on Earth—
The one in which their soulful beauty lies,
And that wherein such soulfulness has birth:
Go to my lady ere the season flies,
And the rude winter comes thy bloom to blast—
Go, and with all of eloquence thou hast,
The burning story of my love discover,
And if that theme should fail, alas! to move her,
Tell her, when youth's gay budding time is past.
And summer's gaudy flowering is over,
Like thee, my love will blossom to the last!

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

MY LADY.

Strange ! that one lightly whispered tone
 Is far, far sweeter unto me,
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
Or breathe along the sea ;
 But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
And naught but empty air I see ;
But when I turn me to thine eyes,
 It seemeth unto me
Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath the softest leaf
That ever western breeze hath fanned
But thou shalt have the tender flower
So I may take thy hand ;
That little hand doth to me yield
More joy than all the broidered field.

O lady ! there be many things
That seem right fair, below, above ;
But sure not one among them all
Is half so sweet as love ;—
Let us not pay our vows alone,
But join two altars both in one.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"COULDST THOU LOOK AS DEAR."

Could thou look as dear as when
First I sighed for thee,
Couldst thou make me feel again
Every wish I breathed thee then,
Oh, how blissful life would be!
Hopes that now beguiling leave me,
Joys that lie in slumber cold,
All would wake couldst thou but give me
One dear smile like those of old.

Oh, there's nothing left us now
But to mourn the past;—
Vain was every ardent vow,
Never yet did Heaven allow
Love as warm, so wild, to last.
Not even Hope could now deceive me,
Life itself looks dark and cold;
Oh, thou never more canst give me
One dear smile like those of old.

Thomas Moore.

"OH YES—SO WELL."

Oh, yes—so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me:
Fame, fortune, wealth and liberty,
Are worthless without thee.
Though brimmed with blisses pure and rare,
Life's cup before me lay,

Unless thy love was mingled there
I'd spurn the draught away.

Without thy smile how joylessly
All glory's meeds I see!
And e'en the wreath of victory
Must owe its bloom to thee.
Those worlds for which the conqueror sighs,
For me have now no charms;
My only world those radiant eyes,
My throne those circling arms.

Thomas Moore.

ON MY OWN FEELINGS.

I grieve, and dare not show my discontent;
I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate;
I do, yet dare not say I ever meant;
I seem stark mute, yet inwardly do prate,
I am, and I am not; I freeze and yet am burned,
Since from myself my other self I turned.

My care is like my shadow in the sun,
Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it:
Stands and lies by me, does what I have done,
This too familiar care does make me rue it.
No means I find to rid him from my breast,
Till by the end of things it be suppressed.

Some gentler passions slide into my mind
For I am soft and made of melting snow;
Or be more cruel, Love, and so be kind;

Let me or float, or sink, be high or low,
Or let me live with some more sweet content,
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.

Elizabeth Tudor.

I WOULD ONLY LOOK ON THEE!

Day, in meeting purple dying,
Blossoms all around me sighing,
Fragrance from the lilies straying,
Zephyrs with my ringlets playing,
Ye but waken my distress;
I am sick of loneliness.

Thou to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken;
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou'rt true and I'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill thy soul's intent,
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure:
All I ask is friendships pleasure;
Let the shining ore lie darkling,
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling:
Gifts and gold are naught to me,
I would only look on thee!

Maria Brooks

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I arise from dreams of Thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright ;
I arise from dreams of thee
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how ?
To thy chamber-window, Sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
The nightingale complaint
It dies upon her breast,
As I must die on thine,
O Beloved as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast ;
O ! press it close to thine again
Where it will break again at last.

Percy B. Shelley.

THE UNCHANGEABLE.

O never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify :
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.

This is my home of love ; if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again,
Just with the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.

Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That I could so preposterously be stained
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good :
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

Shakspeare.

TRUE LOVE.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :—

O, no ! it is an ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering barque
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom;

If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Shakspeare.

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;

Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes.

Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

Michael Drayton.

How Shall I Woo Thee

NEW YORK:
HAPPY HOURS COMPANY
No. 1 Chambers Street.

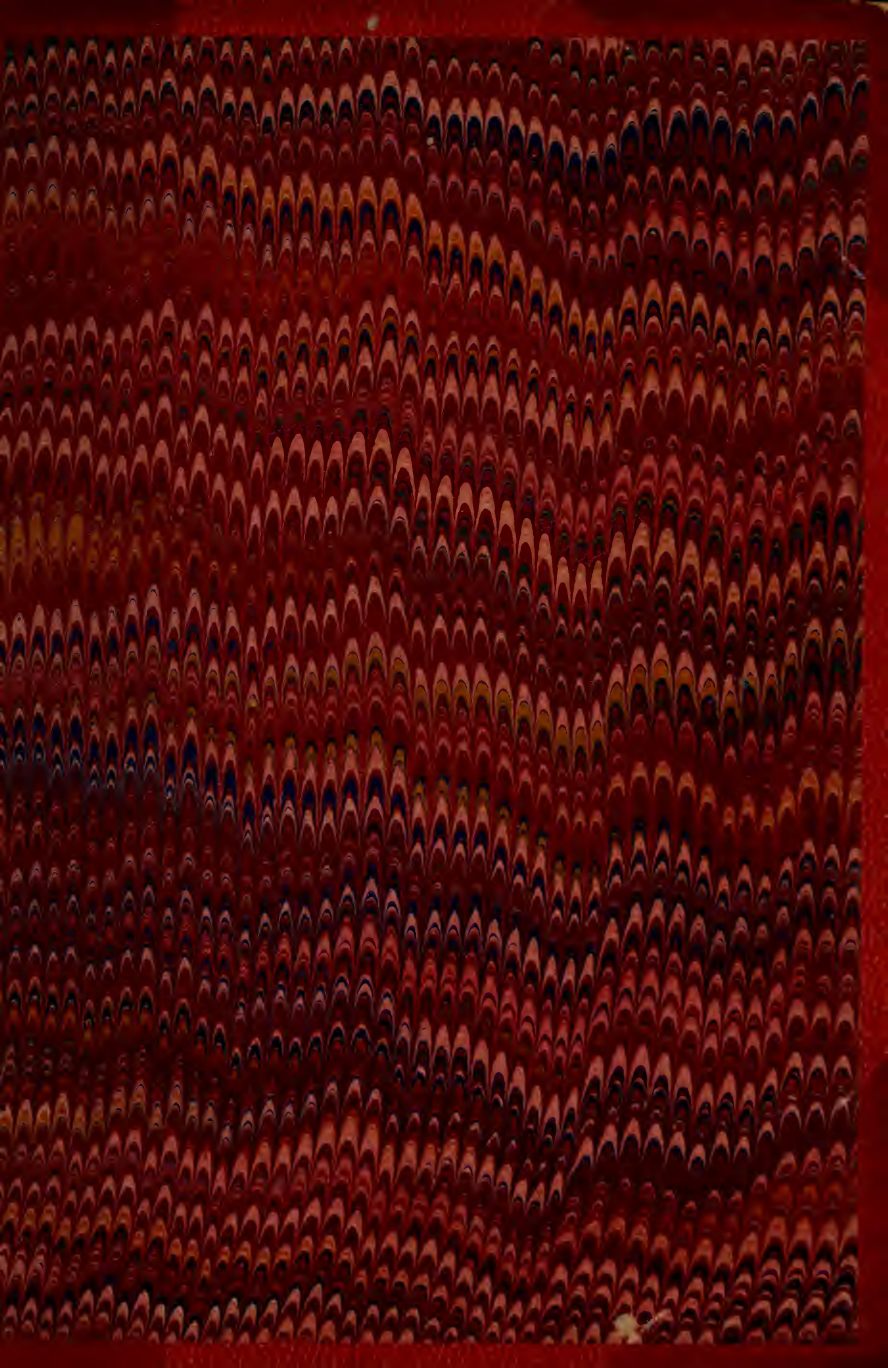


Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Jan. 2009

Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 979 385 7